FELIX ALVAREZ;

OR,

Manners in Spain:

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS

OF SOME OF THE

PROMINENT EVENTS

OF

THE LATE PENINSULAR WAR;

AND

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER;

INTERSPERSED WITH

POETRY,

ORIGINAL, AND FROM THE SPANISH.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THEY soon passed San Juan del Puerto, forded the Rio Tinto, and arrived at Moguer. They found the detachment of troops quartered there on the alert, and Leblanc stopped for some time to communicate with the officers who commanded it. They were not, however, detained long; but leaving the town they kept to the right, and shortly after arrived at the

hard sandy sea beach, which continued until it brought them to the mouth of the Guadalquivir, sometimes skirted by loose sand-hills, and sometimes by a high bold coast, which occasionally left them but a few yards' breadth of *playa* or sandy beach; while the old ruined watch towers, which they passed at intervals, afforded subject of conversation to the guide, who had some story to relate at every one, which he managed to spin out until the distant appearance of the next introduced some legend, or more recent occurrence, the remembrance of which was attached to its name by the inhabitants of the country. He traced the etymology of the name of the Torre del Oro, and of the rivulet which runs into the sea by it, pressing into his service, to explain the derivation, some legendary tale drawn from the time of the Moors in Spain. At the Torre de Lesperilla, he related the circumstances of the shipwreck of a British vessel laden with porter and rounds of beef for the English

garrison at Cadiz: this gave him an opportunity of laughing at the English, and reprobating their officious interference in the affairs of Spain, in the hope of pleasing the companions of his journey. With the same intention he related the discomfiture of a party of Guerrillas, in a contest which had lately occurred, when the Spaniards, having suddenly fallen upon and driven back the detachment of French troops which occupied Moguer, were routed, and nearly annihilated, by the French, who had received reinforcements between the Torre de Carbonera and that of La Higuera. The volubility of the peasant, who engrossed the whole conversation in repeating these tales, allowed the taciturnity of Alvarez to pass unremarked by Leblanc. Having reached the Torre de San Jacinto, the town of San Lucar opened to their view. The Guadalquivir still lay between them and the town, and to pass it, it was necessary to go a short way up the river, where, having got upon the road to Al-

monte, they found a ferry-boat which conveyed them across.

At San Lucar they found every thing on the alert as at Moguer. Two regiments were under arms on the outside of the town; and Leblanc, riding up to the commanding officers, was speedily encircled by a number of others, with whom he remained some time. It was four o'clock in the afternoon; and being very much fatigued and hungry, the travellers proceeded to a posada, to which they were accompanied by several officers; and having ordered a dinner, Leblanc dismissed the poor peasant, whose garrulity had considerably contributed to shorten the distance they had come. Upon receiving his dismissal and the permission to return to Huelva, he took off his hat, and hoping that his cheerful conversation might be considered a claim for a recompense, which he was certain he had no chance of obtaining for the services of his mules alone, he ventured to ask for a few rials. The

young officers burst into a laugh, and one of them drawing his sword gave him a couple of blows with the flat of it, saying he was a very good guide, but that he must teach him better manners than to ask for money. The man mounted the first of his mules, which he had strung together, and trotted off, making a motion of his hand by which the Spaniards express contempt and anger.

At dinner Alvarez found that very little attention was paid to him, indeed he was hardly noticed. The conversation was carried on in French, with which language he knew no more than what he had gathered from a bad master for a few months at Salamanca: the officers were not aware that he was at all acquainted with it, and he was therefore not required to join; but he perceived that the subject discussed was the battle of Barrosa, and Leblanc appeared to be giving an account of it, to which his companions paid particular attention. Felix anxiously endeavoured to

understand what he was saying, but to no purpose; he caught several words, but could not connect the sense. While they were yet at table, Leblanc was informed that a caleza (1) was at the door, and in a short time it was rapidly conveying him and Felix on the road to Puerto de Sta. Maria, which being an *arrecife*, or paved road, they were enabled to go over it at a good pace.

After some common conversation, Felix attempted to discover by indirect questions what sort of a reception he might expect to meet at Puerto, or what Mosquera had told Leblanc with respect to himself; for although he had all along been endeavouring to prepare himself for the examination which he anticipated at Port St. Mary's, he trembled lest the account he should give of himself should prove inconsistent with that which Leblanc had received from his friend. His companion had been exhilarated by the wine he had drunk, and the society in which he had drunk it, and

he answered him carelessly, at the same time humming the air of a bolero. But from his answers Felix could collect nothing satisfactory, and as they approached the end of their journey his anxiety inspired him with courage to put a direct question.

"Pray, Sir, what did Don Luis de Mosquera inform you was my intention in wishing to become your companion in this voyage?"

"Oh, don't be afraid," replied Leblanc, "whatever you have to communicate to the General is quite safe from me. I shall not forestall your information, for Mosquera has not let me into his confidence. He has merely told me that you have information of importance to communicate relative to La Peña's conduct in the late battle, for which you must be presented to the General the moment we arrive at Puerto; and not wishing, I suppose, to trust to a verbal recommendation, he has given me a letter which is to introduce you: He

is an excellent fellow that Mosquera; I have not met another Spaniard to be compared to him, and he deserves much praise for the service he has done us in Cadiz." Here Leblanc resumed the air which the question had interrupted.

Alvarez had listened attentively as the Frenchman spoke, but he could collect no idea from what he said. The first part of his speech puzzled and astonished him, and the eulogium of Mosquera completed the confusion in his brain. He knew not what to think of the information he was to give, or of the letter; but least of all could he understand how Luis had rendered service to the French in Cadiz. An idea of the treachery of his friend darted across his mind like a flash of lightning, but he instantly rejected it. To endeavour to unravel the mystery of Leblanc's words, Felix again addressed him.

"Is Don Luis connected with the General commanding at Port St. Mary's?"

"Then it appears you are not so well

acquainted with him as I supposed," said Leblanc. "He has been about two years in the service of King Joseph, and went to Cadiz in the beginning of the siege, together with Sanchez and Valverde, by order of Marshal Soult, for the purpose of collecting information. He told me that ———Stop, stop, calezero.—Ah, mon ami, comment ça va-t-il?" He addressed a young French officer on horseback, who rode up to the caleza, and he left his speech to Alvarez unfinished.

Felix fell back in his seat. The sudden discovery of the villany of Mosquera, and of the precipice on which he stood, was too severe a blow for him to bear; his eyes swam, his head turned, and, though he did not absolutely lose his senses, his ideas floated confusedly through his brain.

The "Adieu, adieu," of Leblanc as he parted from his friend, and the motion of the caleza as it proceeded, roused Felix from this state, and awoke him to the an-

ticipation of the horrors which his heated imagination gave to his situation. What was he to expect from the letter with which Leblanc was charged; what could be meant by the information which he was expected to give. It was with difficulty that he could admit the idea of his friend's treachery; but when he considered the manner in which Leblanc had stated it, and reflected upon the improbibality of the story which Mosquera had told him of his acquaintance with the French officer, he could not shut his eyes to conviction. He could not conceive how he could have been made the dupe of such an artifice, much less could he account for the formation of such a plan to entangle him. His mind wandered in vain to discover a cause for such treachery within the bounds of possibility, until it had again got into a confusion of ideas, from which it was withdrawn by the appearance of the first houses of Puerto de Santa Maria, which

forcibly reminded him of the necessity of deciding upon the line of conduct he was to pursue in his present emergency.

It had been dusk for a considerable time, and when they entered the town it was quite dark. Leblanc, from humming his song, had by degrees lulled himself into a slumber, which was uninterrupted by Alvarez, who was entirely occupied by his own distressing reflections. Both were now roused by the stopping of the caleza, and the calezero's demand of what part of the town they were to go to. "To the General's quarters, at the house of Don Juan Molino." As the caleza proceeded, the feelings of Alvarez were wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety, and when the caleza stopped before the door, he looked to the interview with the General as the pronouncing of the sentence which was to decide his fate.

They descended from the caleza, and entered the patio of the house, where they were met by some French soldiers, who

formed the General's guard. Neither the General, nor any of his staff, were within, but the officer of the guard was up stairs with the family of Don Juan Molino. They ascended the stairs, and went into the saloon where the family were assembled. Leblanc learnt from the French officer whom they found there, the agitation which the result the battle had excited all along the line of the besiegers, and was informed that the General and all his staff had gone in the morning to Chiclana, from whence they were expected back in the course of the evening. After some deliberation, and some private conversation between the two officers, Leblanc told Felix that he would leave him under M. Fontaine's care while he went to the *bureau de l'etat major*, and that he would speedily return.

The family tertulia, in which Alvarez was left, consisted of Don Juan Molino, who was a widower—his sister, his daughter, and two ladies, inmates of the house,

who, having been driven from their own by the insolence of the French officers billeted in it, had taken refuge in the hospitality of Don Juan, whose house afforded a kind of protection, being that in which the General was quartered, whose consideration for his own comforts prevented him from annoying the family otherwise than by requiring them to provide him with a sumptuous table, and to sacrifice the best apartments of the house for his use. The recent battle was the subject of eager inquiries from the whole group, the moment they found that Alvarez came from Cadiz. At first he was embarrassed, and hardly knew what to reply; but finding that M. Fontaine was very imperfectly acquainted with the Spanish language, and was totally occupied in employing what little knowledge he possessed of it to advantage, by endeavouring to get into the good graces of Doña Pepita, (2) one of the guests, he ventured to develope what he knew of the circumstances of the action.

Although he proceeded at first very cautiously, he soon discovered which way the opinions of his auditors leaned, and rejoiced to find himself once more amongst persons to whom he dared express his real sentiment.

He was listened too with the greatest attention, and the feelings of patriotism and loyalty which he discovered in their manner, the expressions of alternate delight, and regret excited by his narrative, which he traced in their looks, and their ejaculations, convinced him that he could run no risk in declaring to them his real opinions, and the circumstances that had placed him in a situation which must excite a suspicion of their sincerity. Perhaps they might be able to rescue him from the fate which he anticipated. He was just about to open his mind to them, and to implore their assistance or advice, when Leblanc returned.

He spoke apart to M. Fontaine, then addressing Alvarez, " I am ordered off to

Seville," said he, "and I must go immediately. I have already made the Adjutant General acquainted with you, but it cannot be long before the General arrives, and you had better deliver Mosquera's letter to him yourself; here it is." Felix took it, returning as cordial an answer to his familiar "*adios, amigo,*" as he could force himself to give, and Leblanc left the room.

Alvarez could not reconcile Leblanc's giving him the letter with his idea of the proscription which he imagined it to contain. He cast an inquisitive look towards Fontaine, who, however, seemed not to have acquired any suspicion from his private conversation with Leblanc; for he continued his awkward attempts at conversation with Doña Pepita, with the same unconcern as before. The fact was, that Mosquera had feared that a development of the whole of his plan to Leblanc might induce him to behave in such a manner to Alverez, during their passage over, as

might make him too soon acquainted with the deceit which had been practised on him. A mind skilled in guilt and deceit generally argues upon the probability of finding an equal share of cunning in its victim to that which is used against him; and Luis conceived it possible that Felix, awakened to a sense of his danger before he arrived, might induce the boatmen, whose fidelity he knew was only purchased, to assist him in escaping from it, which might be easily done, by getting rid of Leblanc, or bringing him back to Cadiz. He therefore told Leblanc that Felix was a man whose apostasy might be of consequence, and who would communicate information to the French General; but at the same time he advised him not to converse with him upon any but common subjects, as, although the step he was about to take appeared to be a decisive one, he had no other guarantee for the truth of his professions. This advice Leblanc strictly adhered to, during their journey together;

but having brought him to the very house of the General, from which he had no chance of escaping if he wished it, and being prevented himself from delivering the letter, he saw no danger that could result from leaving it to be delivered by the person to whom it related. It was this letter which contained the masterpiece of Mosquera's villany, and the bond of his security; for it was by this that he delivered up the unwary Felix to the hands of his enemies.

The tertulia had been enlarged by the addition of two French officers of superior rank, and this circumstance had prevented Felix from putting his plan into execution, for they were both well acquainted with the Spanish language, and were so distributed in the small group as to render privacy impossible. It was late, and the General was still absent. Supper was announced; and the two French officers and Fontaine being asked to partake of it,

readily accepted the invitation. In the course of the evening a servant had come at different times into the room in which they were sitting. The man's face struck Felix; and after some time he remembered him to be a young man whom he had known as the waiter at a posada in Salamanca, which he had been in the habit of frequenting. It was this man who announced the supper; and by a smile as Felix passed him at the door of the *comidor*, or eating-room, he showed that the recognition was mutual. Supper passed, and still the General had not returned. Felix was silent; his mind was occupied in vague hopes of escaping, to which the appearance of this Salamanca acquaintance gave a form, and drew to a point. He complained of great fatigue, and was immediately offered a bed, to which he readily assented; and M. Fontaine promised him that he would himself inform him when the General should ar-

rive. Don Juan had already retired to bed; but Carlos, the servant, took a candle, and preceded Alvarez to a chamber.

The moment they entered, Felix reminded the man of their acquaintance, which he had not so much difficulty in doing, as in restraining the volubility with which he commenced a history of his adventures, since he left the posada of Los tres Reyes, in the Plaza, at Salamanca.

"Carlos," said Felix, interrupting him, "you must save me from the danger which menaces me, if I am here when the General returns: although your fate has placed you amongst these monsters that infest our country like wolves to devour us, you cannot be a friend to their cause."

"Is there a Spaniard that is?" cried Carlos, "is there a man, woman, or child in all Spain, who does not burst with rage at their cruelties?" I could not tell what to make of your coming amongst them, Señor: I thought it was not your will that brought you."

"I have been sent here by treachery and deceit of the blackest kind," said Felix, "and here is a proof of it." He drew Mosquera's letter from his pocket, and opened it. It was in French; and Felix's disappointment at not being able to understand its contents was very great. He was enabled, however, to collect the sense by means of Carlos, who, during his intercourse with the French soldiers, had necessarily become in some degree conversant in that language. For his ability to read, he was indebted to his situation as head waiter at the inn of Salamanca, where Felix had known him: and where, as he was obliged to keep the accounts, he had obtained this superiority over the great mass of Spaniards in his own station in life. The letter was as follows:

"The bearer of this letter, Sir, is a young Spaniard of good family, who has been peculiarly active in thwarting the endeavours of the loyal subjects of his

Majesty King Joseph, to obtain the information, the early possession of which is so necessary to enable you to put a speedy and a happy termination to the protracted siege of this city. With a degree of credulity, inconsistent with the activity and judgment which he has hitherto displayed in his exertions against the cause, he has fallen into the snares which I have laid for him, and enabled me to prevent the further impediments he might place in our way, by removing him from Cadiz, and placing him at your disposal. Might I presume to advise as to the punishment to be inflicted upon him, I would venture to suggest, should no more summary proceeding appear to you to be called for by his guilt, that he be sent to Madrid to join the first convoy of prisoners that may be sent from thence to France.

"With sentiments of the highest respect, &c."

As the intended catastrophe of this tragedy opened upon Alvarez, he could

hardly believe the evidence of his senses; but roused from the contemplation of his danger by the necessity of adopting some means of escaping from it, he entreated Carlos to devise some plan to enable him to leave the house before the General returned to it. From the circumstance of Leblanc's having given him the letter, he conceived that he was ignorant of the contents of it; and he therefore supposed it possible that he might have given no instructions to the officer of the guard to prevent his egress; but it was dangerous to try the experiment; as, should he be stopped by the guard, the attempt would not only hasten his destruction, but prevent the possibility of his escaping from it. In this emergency Carlos devised a plan, which Felix determined immediately to put in execution. Carlos left him, and shortly after returned with the sunday apparel of Don Juan's *mozo de quadra*, or groom, which he had taken from his loft over the stable. Alvarez lost no time in

equipping himself in this dress. The *calzones*, and *chupa*, or body-dress, were soon adjusted, and the *chaqueta*, the loose jacket, thrown over the left arm. A *sombrero gacho*, or broad-brimmed peasant's hat, covered his head to his very eyebrows, and cast a shade over the whole of his face. Thus metamorphosed, they hoped to be able to pass the sentry at the door without being stopped. Alvarez left his own clothes as a reward to Carlos; and giving him besides some money to repay the mozo for the loss of his holiday dress, they cautiously descended the staircase.

It was not without reason that Alvarez had considered it necessary to use the precaution of disguise; for upon entering the patio, they were accosted by the "*qui vive*" of the centinel at the door.

"Why, what's the matter now," said Carlos; "this is something new; can't the servants of the house pass backwards and forwards about their business?"

"The officer has just given us the coun-

tersign not to allow any one to pass out of the house till the General returns," replied the soldier; "therefore if you want to go out you must get his leave."

"I suppose he wont refuse it me," returned Carlos, as he went to the guard-room for the purpose of asking it, leaving Felix at the foot of the stairs, in a state of agitation not easily to be described.

While he was gone, the soldier addressed him in tolerable Spanish, "I say, *Chico,** hav'nt you a segar to give one this cold night?"

Felix was too much agitated to reply.

"*Sacré nom:* won't the rascal give me an answer?"

The energy of the oath recalled Felix's attention from the guard-room, the door of which he was anxiously watching, expect-

* *Chico* is an adjective literally meaning *little:* but taken substantively, it is the common manner of addressing strangers familiarly among the lower class of people, and a term of intimacy and affection among the higher.

ing to see M. Fontaine come out to examine him. He turned round and assured the soldier he had not got a segar to give him.

The sentry strung together a number of blackguard expressions in Spanish; with a good stock of which most of the French soldiers were provided, for the purpose of making their insults understood by the unhappy Spaniards, whenever circumstances prevented them from using the more intelligible language of the sword or the bayonet, and confined them to the use of their tongues. The volley of indecent words which he was grumbling out was cut short by the return of Carlos, accompanied by the serjeant who brought the orders of the officer, that the servants of the house might pass uninterruptedly. This appeared to Felix his reprieve from death, or worse than death, a state of slavery in France. He hurried by the grumbling sentinel; and as Carlos drew the string that lifted the latch of the postigo or small door, forming

part of the large folding gates which closed the entry into the patio, a dragoon galloped up to the gate.

" Open the gates for the General,"—" Turn out the guard"—were vociferated by the dragoon, and the sentinel

The blood ran cold in the veins of Felix; Carlos pushed him violently through the large doors now thrown open. " *Adios, Adios—Dios le guarde,*" said he, pressing his hand, and went back with all possible speed into the house. Felix's presence of mind returned to him—it was the moment which was to save or lose him. He turned down the street, and making his way through the horses of the General's cortege, at the risk of being trodden down by them, in a few moments he had run the length of the street.

CHAP. X.

Convent of Vitoria turned into French Barracks.—La Buena Vista.—Convent of Cartuja.—Lines from a Spanish Thought.—Muleteer's Song and Recommendation of his Repast.—Spanish Venta.—Muleteer's Story.

IMPELLED by the fear of being pursued, Felix continued the pace with which he first set off, traversed street after street, and arrived at last at the convent of Vitoria, the beautiful gardens of which are the pride of Puerto de Santa Maria, and the favoured promenade of its inhabitants.—Here he stopped for breath, and sat down upon a bench in one of the avenues. He had heard that this convent had been made a barrack of by the French; that its treasures had been exposed to their pillage, and its walls to their profanation; that the

magnificent church had been converted into a stable for their horses; and that its consecrated roof re-echoed the sacrilegious blasphemies, which rendered their horrid talk more horrid. He was soon convinced of the truth of the information he had received; for as he sat upon the bench, the doors of the church immediately before him opened to allow a party of horsemen to come out. The lights from the interior of the building enabled him to see this, and at the sight his fears returned; and his imagination taking fire, pictured this detachment as receiving orders to scour the whole country in search of him. He thought no more of the fatigue which had induced him to take rest at this spot; but with this fresh impulse he again set off with all the speed his strength would admit of.

He travelled a full league, keeping some yards off a road, by which, however, he guided his steps; and to make assurance doubly sure, he trusted not to the darkness of the night, but enveloped himself in the

still deeper darkness which the luxuriant branches of a thickly planted olive-grove threw around. At length he reached an ermita some distance from the road, upon the point of a hill which he had been a long time ascending. It was deserted, and he entered it; and, overpowered with the fatigue which he had endured since he left Cadiz, he lay down, and soon fell fast asleep.

Sweet was the beam of the morning that aroused him from his stony bed: he arose, and kneeling before the little altar in the chapel, he praised the All-merciful Providence that had preserved him in the midst of the dangers which surrounded him. His orisons finished, he left the ermita; and forcibly was his mind recalled to the later circumstances of his life by the scene which presented itself to his view. He was standing upon the hill of *La Buena Vista*, so named from the singular beauty of the prospect seen from it, a prominent feature of which was the white-turreted

city of Cadiz, placed as by a fairy's hand in the middle of an extensive and beautiful bay, the shores of which, diversified with wood and vine, and besprinkled with towns and villages of a kindred colour, seem to form a perfect circle, as though a magic line were drawn to restrain the land from approaching the hallowed spot in the centre, which, like the fabled carbuncle of the East, seemed self-supported, as akin to the skies, beaming its brilliant rays above the earth. One little slender slip of land alone connects the beautiful spot to the Continent, and a poet's imagination might fancy it the arm of the god of the land stretched out to clasp this new-born Venus as she rose from the bosom of the sea. But Felix, though a disciple of Apollo, and enamoured of the Nine, was not in a frame of mind to court a muse on the prospect now before him; he saw, perhaps, for the last time, the spot which he would have given worlds that he had never seen; where, in the dalliance of idle dissipation,

he had wasted those moments which ought to have been employed in the service of his country, where he had gained a cruel experience of the depravity of human nature; a depravity of which his imagination had not formed an idea, and which had been exemplified to him in the conduct of his dearest friend, the man whom of all others he had taken to his heart. The remembrance of Ismena rose to his mind; he fancied what she might think of him when she read his letter, if she yet existed; and, sighing, he resumed his journey.

He continued the road which he had before taken, presuming, from its direction, that it led to Xeres de la Frontera and Seville, towards which place he directed his steps. After the manner in which Mosquera had deceived him, he hardly expected to find the story of Rosa's situation at Seville a true one; but that city lay in the way to his father's house, whither it was his intention to proceed as speedily as his finances enabled him, or as was con-

sistent with his safety; and he thought it would not be amiss to inquire if such a person existed as her aunt, whose name and address he had received from Mosquera.

In a couple of hours he came within sight of the convent of Cartuja, upon the banks of the Guadalete. Being tired, he left the road, and reached a shady spot on the bank of the river, where, throwing himself under the shade of a tree, his thoughts recurred to his situation with respect to Rosa. The stillness of the scene, and of the river which flowed at his feet, calmed his mind; its name brought classical remembrances to it; and as he lay he involuntarily strung his thoughts into rhymes, which may be thus translated:

One draught of Lethe, and I'm free!
But tell me where may Lethe be?
Is't in the beam from other eyes
Than those where mem'ry's poison lies?
Ah no! no other glance is found
With power to grave a deeper wound.

Is it in distance wide between
The present and remember'd scene?
Ah no! whatever meets my eye
Partakes the form of her I fly.
Is't Time the soothing draught that brings,
In dewdrops gathering on his wings?
Ah no! full many have I quaff'd,
Nor felt the power of the draught.
Does Sleep her wand in Lethe dip,
And leave its moisture on the lip?
Ah no! the mind that waking teams
With love, still loveth in its dreams.
Is't Death alone that brings the balm
That gives forgetfulness and calm?
Ah no! my soul from life set free,
Lethe, I cease to thirst for thee;
Then, 'merging from this clog of clay,
Th' immortal spirit hastes away,
And, cleans'd from passion's grosser name,
The vapour mortals think the flame,
My soul, whose essence all is love,
Its purer sentiment will prove;
Then with a spirit's fondest care,
My being mix'd with purest air,
In glory round her form I'll wind,
Her virtue guard, direct her mind,
And all the joys of Heav'n to prove,
My Paradise shall be to Love.

He perhaps would have continued coupling rhymes for an hour, had he not been interrupted by a noisier song than that of his muse. It proceeded from a muleteer, who, having made choice of a spot not far from that to which Felix had retired, had relieved his mule of its load, and turned it loose to bite the herbage which was luxuriant; and while he emptied the contents of his wallet, and prepared for his own repast, he held converse with himself, for want of better company, by singing as loud as his lungs would permit. Felix approached, and saw him through the trees without being discovered. The song was merry, and Alvarez heard out a couple of stanzas before he disturbed him:

Fortune once was roving
By the ocean's side;
Cupid there was moving
A net along the tide:
He glanced his eye,
And chanced to spy
The glittering goddess drawing nigh.

"Come, come," says he,
"And play with me,
"Who'll catch the prettiest fish we'll see."
Fortune took his offer,
And Love began to scoff her.

Fortune's hopes and wishes
A gaudy tortoise crown'd;
Cupid 'midst the fishes
But one poor oyster found;
Then Fortune jeer'd,
At Cupid sneer'd,
As on the shore her prize appear'd;
Cupid swore,
He'd play no more,
And his poor shell asunder tore.
"Forbear," said Love, "to jeer,
For see—a pearl is here!"

Alvarez separated the boughs, and discovered himself to the merry peasant.

"*Salud y pesetas amigo,*" said the muleteer, "Health and wealth to you." (3)

"Thanks, my friend," replied Felix; "I am in search of what you have found—shade for repose; and having found it, I

would fain follow your example, and refresh my stomach as well as my limbs."

"*Por vida de mi santo*,* well met then," rejoined the peasant; "if there is not sufficient for us both, or the fare not good enough, we'll have a song and a segar to cheer us:—come, fall to—*Mas vale un toma que dos te daré*."†

The muleteer's fare consisted of some pieces of bread, and the remains of a salchichon, or large kind of dried sausage; and it was so heartily offered, that Felix scrupled not to partake of it. He took his seat, therefore, upon the grass by the master of the feast; and as he commenced the attack upon the sausage, for which his appetite had well prepared him, the muleteer recommended it in his jocose style: "I warrant you, many a count and a marquis

* "By the life of my saint."

† "*One take is worth two I'll give you.*" A hearty offer is better than a promise. See Note (3).

makes a worse breakfast than we shall; though he be served with all that money can buy, he won't have the comfortable hunger to satisfy that we have, and he won't relish his rarities as we do our salchichon.—*Da Dios barbas á quien no tiene quixadas.*"*

Pedro Romero, the honest muleteer with whom Alvarez had fallen in, was an Andalusian peasant; who, without care as without thought, kept his mind employed and his purse lined by purchasing small quantities of linen and other articles at Gibraltar, which he transported by his mule, at once his fortune and his companion, to Seville, or other towns, where he found a profitable market for his ventures. The merry turn of his conversation, and the lightness of heart from which it arose, were characteristics not easily repressed. If he travelled alone he amused

* "God gives beards to those who have not got chins." See Note (3).

himself with singing some of the thousand tiranas or polos, provincial and national airs, with which his memory was stocked; if he fell in with any one no matter whom, he was soon hail-fellow-well-met with him, and quickly rendered his society agreeable by the jokes and merry tales with which he entertained his companion, and of which he had a good store: if any misfortune befell him, if his mule were pressed by the French, he forgot his grief as soon as the expression of it passed his lips, and it was generally confined to a few round oaths energetically delivered; then putting his shoulder to the wheel he got out of the scrape as soon as he could, although his continuance in it made no alteration in his merry mood.

Alvarez was soon well acquainted with the good-humoured Pedro; and having told him that he was going to Seville, they agreed to proceed together, sharing alternately the relief afforded by the mule, whose load Pedro always took care so to

proportion as to allow of the occasional addition of his own weight, without oppressing the animal too much. They passed by Xeres de la Frontera without entering the town; and having halted for some time at Las Cabezas de San Juan, they arrived at nightfall at the Venta de la Alcantarilla.* The miserable accommodations which this inn afforded at the best of times, were now rendered much worse by the frequent passage of the French soldiery; who, at each visit, took care to leave nothing in it which they could devour or conveniently carry away. Alvarez and Pedro therefore contented themselves with some eggs and a sallad for their supper, and made a cloak, stretched out before the fire, serve for their bed; or,

* *Ventas* are solitary inns, erected at convenient distances from towns or villages, where travellers take rest. They are generally miserable sheds, which afford better accommodation for horse than for man.

as Pedro expressed himself, *hicieron la rosca del galgo.*" *

They were journeying with the earliest dawn. Pedro had been so satisfied and amused by his own conversation on the preceding day, that he had been too much occupied to observe the silent melancholy appearance of Felix. It, however, struck him on this morning as they left the venta.

"Why so sad, camarada?—all does not seem to be well with you. I dare be sworn now that the kiss of some little gipsy girl fashioned your mouth that way when you left her, and you're afraid to disturb it with a smile. Come, cheer up, man, we are going to Seville, where the girls have as black eyes, and as brown skins, as in any part of Andalusia;—aye, and as tender hearts too. The gipsies

* "They made the greyhounds roll;" meaning that they rolled themselves up like a dog when he sleeps in a corner.

that you will find shall make you forget those you left behind.—*La mancha de una mora con otra verde se quita.** The girls of Seville shall make you bring up your love, as Don Francisco de Aguirre wanted to make old Father Antonio, the Cartujan Friar, bring up his."

Felix inquired to what he alluded.

" What! did you never hear the story of the beautiful Anduessa, the flower of the Barrio de Triana?"† (4)

Felix replied in the negative.

" Stop till I light my segar, and I'll tell it you then."

He speedily performed the operation of striking a light upon his *yesca*, or linen prepared in the manner of tinder, but white and spungy, with which every Spaniard of all ranks is commonly provided; and having communicated the spark to his

* " The stain of a ripe mulberry is taken out by a green one."

† The Barrio de Triana is one of the handsomest divisions of the City of Seville.

segar, and returned the little box containing his apparatus into his pocket, he resumed his discourse.

"La Mariquita Anduessa was the most beautiful girl of her Barrio in Seville. There was an image of the Virgin (5) before the house where she lived, and the young men used to go and kneel before it for hours together, pretending to pray, but all the while watching for an opportunity of seeing her at the *reja*.* But it was all labour lost; for although they saw her often enough, and used to make signs that she might either take as a kiss to herself, or a cross to the Virgin, as the humour suited her, she always *mistook* them for *crosses*, and by devoutly *crossing* herself at the same time, *crossed* the love-making intention of the gallants; for she was betrothed to Don Francisco de Aguirre,

* The lower windows of all the houses in the towns of Spain have an iron grating before them, from the top to the bottom, projecting more than a foot from the wall. These are called *rejas*.

a brave and handsome cavalier, of a worthy family and character, and being a very pattern of virtue herself, she never thought of swallowing the sugar plums that the gay young men of Seville threw at her beauty.

" But there was a rascally old friar— ill-luck to him—one Padre Fray Antonio, who belonged to the Cartujan convent in Seville—all a set of reprobates alike. *Dios los cria, y ellos se juntan.**—Ill-luck to'em again, say I. This Father Antonio, as I told you, cast his eyes upon this paragon of perfection, and he must needs fall in love as well as all the rest of the world; At first he only stopped at the window when he saw her there, and crossed her, which blessing she received with all due humility, from one of the holy father's calling.—' The blessing of the holy Virgin be upon you!' says he. ' *Mil gracias,*' *

* Synonymous to—Birds of a feather flock together.

† A thousand thanks.

says she, and so he passed on. But this wouldn't do for the old father; by degrees he got into conversation with her, and spoke most religious words to her, which she, having been brought up under a *beata** of a mother, took for so many steps ascended of the ladder of her salvation. He wanted her to make him her confessor; but her mother had already chosen a ram from the same flock, and as black a one as this for aught I know. As he used to come and see her at the reja almost every evening, he began at last to be a little bolder, and to mix some kisses with his crosses too, which the simple girl took for a blessing, not knowing that they carried the sting of the devil's own curse. As he got on so well he *took heart*, and finding it so easy to take his own heart, he thought

* *Beata* is a name given to a certain order of nuns, who live out of convents and mix in the world, doing acts of virtue and devotion; but in modern language it is generally and sarcastically applied to any woman who affects much devotion.

it might not be difficult to take hers; so one evening he mustered up courage, and asked her to let him come into the house the next day at the siėsta time, (6) and to meet him alone.

"Mariquita did not know what to think of this, but she did not like to let him come in till she had asked Don Francisco, and so she put him off till another day; but her lover knew very well what to think of it, and he told her what sort of a wolf she had to do with drest up in sheep's clothing. 'But,' says he, 'we must make his bed for him.* Mariquita, you must pretend that you understand this cowl-pated rascal, and you must let him come in. Only give me notice when he is to be with you.' The girl entered into the joke of it, and played her part so well that the worthy Father Antonio *sucked his*

* *Hacerle la cama á alguno*, is to lay a scheme to entrap him.

*fingers** with delight at having caught his bird.

"The next day was named, and the Padre Fray Antonio took devilish good care that he would not be behind his hour; but Don Francisco was *before* his hour, and, hid up in a closet in the room, was preparing the hour of retribution for the friar. Mariquita put on all the airs she had learned from all the plays she had ever read, that she thought would suit the occasion; and her lover, quietly waiting until he could not be mistaken as to the intention of Fray Antonio, opened his closet door, and appeared like a ghost to the astonished child of the devil, holding a large bottle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other.

"*Ola!* here he has you, Mr. Friar—how will you get out of this scrape? Don

* *Chuparse los dedos* is a familiar expression very common.

Francisco threw half a dozen round ones* at him: 'and now,' says he 'you villain, you deserve a worse fate than what my mercy has designed for you: look at this bottle; it contains something to mortify that body of yours, and make you vomit forth the love that the devil has put into you. It is only a gentle mixture of ipecacuanha, tartar emetic, and other such pleasant ingredients: take your choice, either the contents of the bottle to the very dregs, or the blade of my sword to the very hilt, one or other must go into your stomach.'

"Only fancy the friar, begging and entreating for mercy, and the cavalier swearing he would give him none, but quietly pouring out the comfortable cordial into a bason which he had provided on the occasion. But they say you may as well have to do with the devil as with his son; and if this friar was not his son, and his eldest son too,

* A manner of expressing to swear oaths—*echarlos redondo.*

he must have been the devil himself; for while Don Francisco was kindly preparing the potation for him, out he pulls two pistols, and holds one to each of their heads.

"*Toma**—now it's the friar's turn. *Herir con los mismos filos*,† "says he;" now, my pretty cunning pair, if either of you stir a foot, one of these pistols prevents a second step. Most valorous knight-errant, have the goodness to present that goblet to the hands of your all-beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; and do you, all charming Dulcinea, take care not to drink more than half of its contents, that your magnanimous knight may have the pleasure of drinking your health in the other."

"It was no use to talk, or to pray—the villain of a Padre was inexorable, and, faith,

* An expletive expression much used in low language among the Spaniards.

† "To wound with the weapons which were used against you," that is to turn the tables upon you.

he made them drink up the whole of the nice stuff that Don Francisco had prepared for him, taking care that each should have his share. Then keeping his pistols still pointed at the lovers, and retiring backwards to the door: 'I am sorry,' says he, 'that I cannot indulge myself in the pleasure of waiting to behold the salutary effects of the wholesome medicine you have taken; but I have no doubt they will be sufficiently rapid.' Then leaving the room, he double locked the door, and left the discomfited lovers staring in each other's face.

"It was not long before Don Francisco found that his apothecary was an honest man, and had sold him very effective physic. Both he and his mistress made a bolt to the window, as the key was still turning in the door; and when they reached it, they began to reach out of it, as if the house had been a ship in a rolling sea. Father Antonio, as he passed by the window, deliberately gave them his blessing, and walked on; La Anduessa and her lover were obliged

to confess themselves *sick* of joking with friars, as they lay in their beds for a week afterwards."

The mirthful vein which this story excited in the travellers, continued throughout the whole of the day, and towards evening they came within sight of Seville.

CHAP. VI.

Seville.—Buñuelos.—Serenade.—Night Adventure in the Street.

*QUIEN no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla,** says the Proverb; and as Felix approached it, he felt inclined to acknowledge the justness of the saying. The already advanced spring had began to array all nature in uniform verdure with the unchangeable orange-groves and light olive-woods which surround that beautiful city; and although the strong perfume of the orange blossom had not yet spread its balmy influence over the surrounding atmosphere, yet the combined aromas of thousands of plants and flowering shrubs that crowd the gardens with which it is

* "Who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder."

environed, made amends to the delighted sense for the absence of its more powerful fragrance. Embosomed in this delicious site, formed of luxuriant nature's sweetest adornments, arose the towers of Seville; and superior to them all, the steeple of the far-famed cathedral, the extreme point of which supports that gigantic figure, so wonderfully well poised that it obeys the impulse of the gentlest breeze, while its equilibrium remains uninjured by the raging storm. (7)

The sun was setting as Felix and his merry companion turned into the avenue of trees by which the city is approached; and the lingering twilight had made its last struggle with triumphant night as they entered its gates. The appearance of the French sentries at their posts, and the soldiers that they continually met, made Felix shudder; and to the horror with which he looked at them as the destroyers of his country, he added the fear of finding in each a personal enemy. After having taken

some refreshment in a posada, with his friend Pedro Romero, he took his leave of him for a while, promising to join him in a short time at the same posada, where he purposed taking his night's lodging.

Alvarez inquired for the *alameda vieja*, where the street terminated in which Mosquera had told him that Rosa's aunt lived. He walked some time backwards and forwards under the trees which divide this Alameda into avenues, endeavouring sufficiently to prepare his mind either for a meeting with Rosa, or to find that the tale of her existence, and that of her situation, were equally fabulous, and that he was once more to be the victim of the falsehood of his friend. Whenever he reasoned with himself, it was hardly possible to suppose that there could be any truth in the statement of her residence at Seville; but a lover's hope is so easily fed, that, in spite of reason and probability, Felix could not avoid persisting in his intention of ascertaining, at least, whether she was indeed at

Seville. Having made up his mind to inquire at all events as to the residence of Doña Catarina Bañez, the alleged aunt of Rosa, by whose death she had been left in an unprotected state, he at length took his way down the street which had been named to him. It was a principal one, and the houses seemed to be such as would belong to persons of fortune. He stopped about the middle of it, and addressed an old woman who was selling *buñuelos** at the corner of a turning.

"Is there a lady called Doña Catarina Bañez living in this street?"

"It is easily seen you don't belong to this barrio,† man, or else you would know

* Buñuelos are light cakes made of batter fried in oil, which the old women who sell them toss into their pans with great dexterity, and allow to remain only a few seconds swimming in the oil. Buñueleras, the women who sell them, generally take their station at the corner of a frequented street, and find a ready custom from the passers by.

† Towns in Spain are divided into *barrios* as they are in England into parishes.

Doña Catarina well enough. That's her house in front of you."

Alvarez trembled. "Is not Doña Catarina lately dead?"

"Dead! It must be since the siesta, then; for I saw her go into the house myself at that time, and plenty of gay people go in since. Why, there's half the French officers in Seville go to her tertulia every night."

This answer astonished and confused Alvarez: he abruptly left the old woman, and removed a little further off—opposite the house. What was he to think of this? Mosquera apparently had spoken the truth, as to Rosa's being at Seville, but had misrepresented her situation for the purpose of inducing him to leave Cadiz. And for what? He could not understand it, but still he had reason to suppose that his Rosa was in the house before him. His first impulse, as this thought came into his mind, was to step forward and gain admittance: but as he approached the door, he withheld

his foot; for he considered that he had no tale formed to account for his appearance, or the dress which he wore; he recollected, too, that the Buñuelera had told him that the tertulia in this house was nightly frequented by French officers, and that she had seen many persons enter that evening. He was therefore forced to defer the happiness of a meeting with Rosa, until the following morning, when he hoped that it was possible that he might meet her alone. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, two French officers turned the corner, passed by him, and entered the house. He felt a pang at the idea that these miscreants were going to enjoy her society, and he slowly returned towards the posada, where he had left the honest Pedro.

He found him with a guitar in his hand, happily employed in amusing a circle that were assembled around him in the kitchen, by singing tender tiranas, and long legends. He took his seat in a corner, and remained entirely engrossed by his own

thoughts. Sudden silence will awaken a man who has gone to sleep in a noise; so the cessation of Pedro's guitar had the effect of recalling the thoughts of Alvarez, which had been for a long time uninfluenced by the surrounding objects. It was late. The party were separating; some returned to their allotted beds; others to the stable, to share that of their mules; for it was a posada, such as Pedro Romero might be supposed to frequent, and Alvarez, from his appearance, and the company in which he came, was not expected to be more nice than his neighbours. Taking a cloak, therefore, which was offered him, he threw himself down upon a bench which was fixed along one side of the kitchen.

It was in vain that he attempted to sleep; his mind was too busy in framing the story with which he was to gain admittance into Doña Catarina's house, and with fancying the interview which awaited him there. Restless, and tired of remaining in a lying

posture upon hard boards, he got up, and, going to the window, he opened it. The brilliancy of the stars, and the mildness and calm of the night, inspired him with a desire of enjoying it in a more open situation than the narrow street in which the posada stood; and with the intention of satisfying his desire by taking a walk to the *alameda vieja,* he set out, taking with him the guitar which Pedro had been playing upon, and which he was enabled to find on the wall where it hung by the dim light of the *candil** which had been left burning.

By the time he arrived at the alameda, he had recollected the words and accompaniment of a little song which he had composed at Madrid, for Rosa, in the infancy of his affection for her; and when he had rehearsed it a few times upon one of

* A *candil* is the worst and commonest kind of lamp in Spain; it is composed of a small pan of oil with a cotton wick hanging over the side, and is hooked up to the wall.

the benches under the avenues of trees, he ventured again to approach the house of Doña Catarina Bañez. He contemplated its external appearance for some time, and was grieved to find, from the appearance of the windows which looked into the street, that they could not belong to any principal rooms, which he conjectured must all look into the patio: in a melancholy mood he sat himself down upon the *polletillo*,* or stone seat at the door-way, and after preluding some time, he sang the song he had been trying to remember:

My wild guitar is strung for thee,
And love has given it all its tone:
Naught ask I of my melody
Save that it pleaseth thee alone.

And as thy gentle accents prove
That love with music wings his dart;
Hope whispers 'midst my chords of love
That one perchance may touch thy heart.

* *Polletillo* is a provincial name given to the stone seats commonly placed on each side of the doors of the houses in Andalusia.

Cease, my guitar, the unwelcome sound,
Nor break the spell that binds the fair:
Her casement bids thy strain rebound,
Nor hope to find an entrance there.

Sleep, jealous for her sister Night,
Has prest her pinions on that lid
Whence darts a ray that beams so bright
The stars of heaven would all be hid.

His hand was arrested at the close of this stanza by the opening of a window above. He listened attentively, and he was convinced that some one had been attracted by his serenade, and had opened the window. Still no one spoke; and after waiting a few moments, he again struck his guitar, and sang a little popular song very well known; in which, however, he substituted the name of his mistress for that commonly inserted, as happily it did not affect the metre.

Rosa, we live but by loving,
'Tis life in thy glances I seek,
Thy heart never knew that 'twas moving
Till the down had been kiss'd off thy cheek:

Eyes are but crystals unbeaming;
They're diamonds, if love but inspire:
Bosoms are snow, as they're seeming,
Till Love give them warmth with his fire.
Love 'tis giveth,
Joy that liveth,
And days that never tire.

When first of my flame you partook, love,
The god to thine eye gave his light;
As the moon-beam that plays on yon brook, love,
Thy glances were tremblingly bright.
Hours have roll'd by like the stream, love,
Thy looks still as tenderly play;
Many wavelets have pass'd the moon-beam, love,
But each has reflected the ray.
Hours are flying,
Love's wings trying,
But he flies as fast as they.

"Then it is you, Señor Antonio," said a female voice from the window, at the close of this song.

All the romantic imaginings of Felix's brain, as he was singing his serenade, all the enthusiastic fancies which had given fresh pathos and feeling to his voice, were blown away by these few words; for

they evidently proceeded from an amorous chamber-maid, with whose voice he was as little acquainted as she appeared to be with that of her lover Antonio, although she addressed him familiarly in the second person singular.* There was a pause. The voice continued:

"In consequence of your gallantry in giving me a serenade, I will forgive your want of it last Sunday, and take you into favor again, as my mistress has done Monsieur Charles."

Alvarez was upon the point of saying "*Who* is your mistress?" but recollecting that the consequences of the question

* In common conversation a Spaniard addresses the person to whom he is speaking, by calling him or her *usted*, which is an abbreviation of *vuestra merced*, or *your honour*, using of course the verb in the third person singular: persons between whom there is a greater degree of intimacy or familiarity converse in the second person singular, calling each other *tu*, or thou. The second person plural, *vos*, is used by an inferior addressing a superior in poetical language.

would be the discovery of the mistake, and the destruction of his hope of obtaining further information, he modelled the words which had sprung to his lips into "*Where* is your mistress?"

"Oh! she is safe enough," replied the girl. Monsieur, Charles has supped with her, and my services are dispensed with; if you can make Andres hear you over the stable, and he will let you in, you need not fear either her or any one else, for the house is all quiet long ago.

Felix now determined in his own mind that this was not Rosa's servant, though she might be Doña Catarina's; but he considered that if he could get in, and converse with her, he might obtain all the information he required from her; and should it be of a nature to induce him to leave the house, the manner of his introduction into it would at all events secure her secrecy. He thought it best to retain the character which had been thus forced upon him, until he should be enabled fully to

explain himself, as a partial explanation would be sufficient effectually to prevent his success. Mounting, therefore, upon the stone bench on which he had been sitting, he was enabled to reach the small-barred window of the stable, or what he supposed to be such from its usual situation at the entrance of the houses, in the towns of Andalusia, and he began to call upon Andres, who he was informed slept over it.

The time which elapsed before his repeated calls were answered enabled Alvarez to reconsider his plan; and it came into his mind, that it was unnecessary for him to run the risk of entering the house in a false character, when he might learn all he wanted to know from Andres himself, without going any farther. The reasonableness of this plan determined him to pursue it; and when, therefore, after repeated calling, the lazy groom came at last to the window of his loft, instead of asking admittance, he told him that he was a stranger in Seville with business of importance for a lady

in that house; but not being certain whether he was right, he had called him first rather than alarm the whole family at that late hour. This apologizing exordium prepared the way for his question; "Is there not a young lady of the name of Rosa de la Peña residing with your mistress?"

"*Malhaya la madre que te parió,*" * exclaimed the grumbling Andres; "what do you want here with your cock and a bull story about ladies living with my mistress? There is no señora in this house but Doña Catarina Bañez, the mistress of it. Go to the devil with your Rosa de la Peña;" and, swearing, he left the window.

The total annihilation of the hopes which, with all the ingenuity of romance, Felix had managed to keep alive against his better judgment, for a moment overpowered him. He remained standing on the

* "Ill luck to the mother that bore you," an expression frequently made use of by the Spaniards.

bench in the position in which he had called Andres, and was aroused from his reverie by the gentle voice of his expecting nymph from above, who in a loud whisper repeated the name, "Antonio, Antonio."

Felix was considering what he was to reply, when his attention was suddenly drawn off by a hue and cry which proceeded from one end of the street, and a man who swiftly passed him, as if avoiding the pursuit. In the interval between his passing and the arrival of those who were pursuing him, the amorous chambermaid hastened to reshut her window; and Felix, trembling lest they should be French soldiers, and he should by any misadventure fall into their power, wrapped himself in the cloak which had been lent him for a bed in the inn, and which he had brought with him, and crouching close to the door of Doña Catarina's house, awaited their arrival, in the hopes that they would pass without observing him.

"*Una muerte*," "*una muerte*;" "*un assasino*;" "*ladron*;" "*tunante*;"* were vociferated by the crowd which now came up to the spot where Alvarez was sitting. It was composed of French and Spanish soldiers, and a few stragglers who had joined in the pursuit. They had nearly all passed, and Felix began to breathe, when one fellow, who was almost the last of the party, running close to the wall, fell over him, and immediately gave the alarm. In a few moments he was surrounded by all the pursuers, who had returned at the cry of "*He is found!*" set up by the falling soldier.

"Who are you?"—"What are you?" —"Where do you live?"—"Why did you stab the man?" and a confusion of similar questions, were showered down upon the unhappy Alvarez, who, without being allowed time to reply, was hurried

* A murder, a murder; an assasin; a thief; a rascal.

away to the main guard whence the soldiers had issued, without being able to gather any information on the way as to the cause of his detention; and loudly protesting his innocence whenever he thought his voice could be heard over those of the persons who surrounded him.

At the main guard he was more distinctly questioned by the officer. In giving an account of himself, he stated his name to be Alonzo Ramirez, being that by which he had called himself to Pedro Romero; he said that he was a poor peasant, who had only that day arrived at Seville, and had stopped at the posada of El Caballo Negro, the Black Horse, a reference to the landlord of which would corroborate his statement: that he had strayed through the town to amuse himself, as the guitar with which he was found would testify; and that he was perfectly ignorant and innocent of the crime with which he was charged. The officer immediately sent a

soldier in search of the landlord of the Black Horse, and Felix awaited his arrival with trembling impatience.

During the absence of the soldier, Felix discovered, from the confusion of stories that he heard, that a man had been stabbed in the street near the guard-house, into which he had been taken speechless, and his murderer pursued; it was this pursuit which had so unluckily led to Alvarez; and his suspicious manner of avoiding it occasioned a certainty in the minds of all that he was the villain whom they sought. After some time, the messenger returned with the landlord of the posada, by whose evidence he expected to be immediately released; but, alas! it only served to heap fresh misfortunes upon him. The landlord corroborated what Alvarez had said as to his arrival on that day; but declared, that he believed him to be, in all probability, the murderer, as he had shown himself to be a thief by running away from his house

in the night, and stealing a cloak and a guitar, being those found upon him, which he accordingly claimed.

Felix was now at the very climax of despair. It was in vain that he earnestly and solemnly protested his innocence; he had nothing else to say for himself; and fearing that by saying more he should only increase the evidence against him, he remained silent, and endeavoured to make up his mind to a prison for that night at least; he dared not think of the probability of its lasting during his life, or of his shortly being released from it by an ignominious death.

Things were in this state, and the officer of the guard was about to order Alvarez to be taken to prison, when the surgeon who had been called to the wounded man appeared, and informed the officer that the wound did not appear to be mortal; and that the man had recovered his senses and his speech. The officer deferred sending

Felix to prison until he had examined the patient, and he followed the surgeon into the room where he lay for that purpose.

Felix's anxiety was, if possible, increased during his absence; and when he at last appeared, he expected him to pronounce his sentence.

"The account of this transaction, given by the man himself, corresponds with what you have stated; and what further confirms your story, is, that he has described the real perpetrator of this act; and the description certainly is not applicable to your person:" then addressing the soldiers who guarded him, "Bring the prisoner this way."

He was taken to the spot where the wounded man lay. The knife which had been directed against his life had missed its aim, and glancing between two ribs had made a flesh wound, from which a profusion of blood had issued. It was the loss of so much blood which had occasioned

him to faint. The wound had been dressed by a surgeon, and he was now able to walk.

As Felix approached him, he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"*A Dios gracias!*—do I see my ——"

Felix, fearful lest the disclosure of his name might follow the recognition of his person, interrupted him by running forward and embracing him.

"Ah, my dear Julian, is this you? Little did you expect to find your old friend Alonzo Ramirez charged with murdering you."

"You—you charged with being the perpetrator of this act! Ah, Señor!" said he, turning round to the officer, "there is some mistake here. This man I have known from a child, though I did not expect to meet him in Seville to-day. The man who made this attempt upon my life is one Manuel Espinosa, whom I have before described to you, and who, if he has

not deserted his dwelling, may be found in the Callejuela de Gatos, near the Carthusian convent."

The friend which Alvarez thus accidentally or rather providentially met was Julian Sanchez, his father's *mayordomo*, or the steward of his farm and estate. In speaking to him, Alvarez had pronounced his fictitious name with such emphasis, as to make him understand that he did not wish to be known by his own, and Julian acted accordingly.

The conduct of Julian so satisfied the officer as to the innocence of Alvarez, that an arrangement was without difficulty entered into by which he regained his liberty; and having satisfied the landlord of the posada that he had no intention of stealing the cloak, or the guitar, and effectually silenced his suspicions by presenting him with a couple of dollars, he joyfully left the guard-room, supporting his friend Julian Sanchez, who, though he was able to walk, yet felt much pain from his side.

CHAP. XII.

Oppression of the Country by the French.—Seville.—The Theatre.—National Dances.—Alvarez sees Rosa de la Peña.—His Interview with her, and the Result of it.

IT was not without difficulty that the exhausted Julian reached the posada where he lodged, which at length he was enabled to do by the supporting arm of Alvarez. Arrived, and in bed, not even the weak state in which he was left by the loss of blood, could prevent him from devoting the few remaining hours of night to the satisfaction of Felix's and his own ardent curiosity, by mutual communications. Julian informed Felix that his errand to Seville was the recovery of a sum of money due to his father, and that having obtained

it, he was instructed to use every possible exertion to proceed to Cadiz in search of him, whose presence with his family was rendered necessary by the dreadful state of the country where they lived, groaning under the tyranny of the monsters who oppressed the land, deprived of every comfort by them, and in the daily fear of worse misfortunes from their wanton and unprovoked excursions and attacks upon the peaceable inhabitants.

Don José Alvarez had suffered much from the repeated contributions which had been levied upon him, and still more from the wanton and unnecessary destruction of the produce of his farm, while yet on the ground, wasted by the unrestrained depredations of the French soldiery. It was in consequence of the magnitude of the evil that he had taken the precaution of remitting to his son such part of his property as he could turn into money, in the hopes of its being safe from the rapacious avarice of the French chiefs; and it was

their insolence and cruelty of which many a destroyed farm-house, and murdered neighbour, were the proofs, which now induced him to determine upon abandoning the residence of his happy years in search of safety elsewhere, until it should please Providence to relieve his country from the scourge with which he punished it. But the spot was most dear to him, and he lingered, still unable to tear himself from it; besides, he anxiously hoped that his son Felix might return to be the companion of his migration, for he was no stranger to the difficulties and dangers of travelling at such a moment, and he felt that he was no longer young, either in mind or body; the misfortunes which daily befel him, and all around him, had weakened the one, and years had done their duty with the other. It was the wish of his heart that Felix should be with them; that should he be unable to support the fatigues attendant upon his flight, his helpless, and otherwise unprotected Albertina, might still have a

protector on whom to rely. This thought had been the cause of his faithful Julian's journey, and he was to take the opportunity of recovering a considerable debt due to Don José in Seville. Julian had not been able to obtain the sum he expected: the hardship of the times afforded a reasonable excuse to the debtor for paying only half of it, which Julian had received on the evening of his misfortune, in the presence of a man named Manuel Espinosa, who had been the companion of a great part of his journey, being on his return to Seville, the place of his abode. This man had entertained Julian for some time in a *meson*, or eating-house; and upon leaving it together, he endeavoured to rob him of the money, which yet remained in his sash, not having had an opportunity of putting it in his girdle. (8) Julian, however, perceived his intention in time to prevent it; and in the struggle which ensued, he received the wound which had been the cause of his meeting with Felix. Frightened at his

repeated cries for help, the villain fled, without being able to effect his purpose, and the result was what has been already related.

When Julian informed Felix of the remittance which his father had made him, he conceived that the young man who had been the bearer of it had not yet arrived at Cadiz; but when he heard that it was to be delivered to Mosquera in case of his absence, the truth flashed at once upon his mind, and he saw both the loss of his money, and the cause of his intended destruction. Had he received credible evidence of the robbery which Mosquera had committed, before he left Cadiz, he would have rejected it as impossible of belief; but the discovery of his connection with the French, and the heinousness of the treachery by which he had been delivered over to them, rendered any thing easy to be conceived of such a villain. His regret for the loss of the money was for a time superseded by his astonishment at the

villany of a friend whom he had so long trusted.

From the moment of his meeting with Sanchez, his love for Rosa, and every other feeling of his soul, was swallowed up in his anxious desire of joining his father and his sister. The state of Julian's wound, however, obliged him to remain in Seville some time. Ten days elapsed before he was in a state to travel; during which time Alvarez purchased a couple of mules, and intending to retain the dress which had hitherto so well disguised him, he completed his costume by furnishing himself with a *capa*, or large cloak, and he procured a pair of small pistols, the weapons of defence which he thought the best fitted for his journey.

It was on the evening of the tenth day when every thing was prepared to commence their journey on the following morning that Felix, who had hitherto remained constantly in the house, lest any accident should betray him to be the person who

had escaped from Puerto de Santa Maria, ventured to stroll through the city, that he might not lose the opportunity of seeing the things which had acquired it its just fame. He admired the external and internal beauty of the cathedral, and gazed with astonishment at its steeple, surmounted by the Giralda. He passed by the Archiepiscopal Palace, and bit his lip with anger to find that its sanctified halls were now polluted by being the residence of the monster who commanded the French armies in the south of Spain,* and whose crimes and cruelties, if they did not amount in number and magnitude to those of his emperor and prototype, proved by their blackness that he only wanted opportunity to rival or excel that great master in the art of inflicting misery upon mankind. The more costly and

* Marshal Soult: from the circumstance of his being lame, he was commonly called *El Diablo Cojuelo*, which is the title of the work translated into English as the Devil upon Two Sticks; it literally means the same as the French title, the Lame Devil.

magnificent palace of the Alcazar, (9) was reserved as the nominal residence of the mock King Joseph, whenever he should honour Seville with his presence; and the appearance of the sentries at the entrance prevented Felix from even approaching it.

Wandering on without being acquainted with the labyrinth of narrow streets, he found himself in the Plazuela de la Comedia, where the theatre stands. Here, while he was looking at the bills which announced the play that was then performing, he heard a loud laugh behind him, which proceeded from a group of French officers, who had apparently just left the theatre by the door which led to the boxes. Felix threw a hasty glance at the whole party; but his eye was peculiarly attracted by one figure in the group—it was no other than his friend and *compagnon de voyage*, Leblanc. He was standing with his face towards Felix, and to his alarmed ima-

gination seemed to be looking at him. If he was known, there was no escape in flight, which of itself would excite suspicion if he was not known. There was no time to think; but to avoid what appeared to him the recognizing gaze of Leblanc, he stepped forward into the door which stood before him, and paying his money hastily entered the theatre. He soon found himself in the space left for standing spectators under the front boxes, and mixing in the crowd which he found there, he threw the right side of his capa over his left shoulder, in the manner of the Spanish peasants, so as to cover his chin and his mouth, and drew his large hat still more over his forehead than it usually came.

It was a long time before he could calm the agitation into which this accident had thrown him. He anxiously watched the door, near which he had stationed himself, and after some time, finding no one enter

who awakened his suspicions, his fears began to be dispelled, and he regained possession of himself.

The play which was performing was a little opera, written by a French officer, and which had been translated into Spanish, and brought upon the stage. Its purpose was to ridicule the patriotism of the Spaniards, and their attempt to resist the power of King Joseph, aided by the French armies. It was nearly finished when Felix entered, and the curtain had dropped before he was sufficiently calm to attend to what was going on. But his fears had quite subsided when the noise of the castanets behind the scenes announced the preparation for the national dance, and he was enabled to partake of the vivifying sensation which these instruments never fail to excite in the heart of a Spaniard. (10) The clapping of hands, and the knocking of sticks, proclaimed at once the approbation and the impatience of the audience. The noise was shortly put a

stop to by the rising of the curtain, and the appearance of the dancers.

It was a bolero which was to be performed; a dance, for which two persons only are required, and every eye was directed to those who now stood forward. The dance began, the whole attention was engrossed by the fair candidate for public favour, who, with the lightness, grace, and symmetry of one of the handmaids of Venus, charmed all who beheld her. Every eye was rivetted on her, but there was one spectator, who gazed with more than common earnestness. It was Alvarez, to whose tortured fancy the nymph before him bore the form of Rosa.

"Who is the bolerista?" said he to a man standing by him.

"It is Rosa, la Madrileña."*

"Is her name De la Peña?"

"I believe so."

* Persons born in Madrid are called Madrileños and Madrileñas.

It was unnecessary to ask more, for his sight but too strongly confirmed the evidence of his ears.

He shut his eyes in agony of grief and disappointment; and in the bitterness of his feelings he wished at that moment that he might never open them again. When he had a little overcome the shock for which he had been so unprepared, he resumed his conversation with his neighbour. Had she been long at Seville? What was her character?

The man informed him that she lived with one of Marshal Soult's Aid-de-camps, who had brought her from Madrid a year before; but that her fidelity to her protector might be easily overweighed by money. He then went on to relate some pleasant incidents of her intrigues, with which, he said every child in the town was acquainted, little suspecting that at every word he was planting a dagger in the heart of Alvarez.

The dance finished, and he left the

theatre undecided in his intentions, but determined to meet Rosa. He went round to the stage-door, and asked to be admitted. "Who did he want?"—"Doña Rosa de la Peña," was his reply. The porters laughed, and repeated his respectful manner of addressing her with an expression of contempt. "Show this young man to *La Rosita*," said one of them, "he is a messenger of love for her." Alvarez could have struck the familiar fellow to the earth, but he restrained himself, and followed another, who led him to Rosa's dressing-room.

She was dressing, but scrupled not to admit him. Having taken off her splendid dancing-dress, she was adjusting her basquiña.* "*Que quieres, amigo?*" said she, "What do you want, friend?" Felix took off his hat, which he had kept on till then, and threw open his cloak, so as to discover his person. "Have you forgotten me?"

* See Note on Spanish female dress, Vol. I.

said he, with as much calmness as he could summon to his aid.

She looked at him for some moments, and then, with the greatest effrontery, she exclaimed, " Ah, Felisito!* is that you?"

The coolness of her manner, and the impudence of her recognition, put Alvarez beyond the bounds of reason, and he attempted not to curb the violence of his anger, which vented itself in reproaches and imprecations. She allowed him to proceed a considerable time, while a smile of contempt and indifference played upon her lip, until at last assuming a serious tone and a contracted brow, she interrupted him.

" *Poco á poco, Cavallero*—gently, gently, Sir; if you have no longer the affection which would prevent you from outraging her who was once the object of it, I have the power of protecting myself from the insults of a traitor, and one who is ame-

* The affectionate diminutive of Felix.

nable to the existing laws of his country.—Mosquera has informed me of your guilt, and I but ill discharge my duty to my country by allowing the weakness of my nature to save you from the death you merit. Yet does the remembrance of a foolish affection induce me to give you a chance of escaping a punishment which by your ingratitude you deserve at my hands. Go;—but to-morrow morning I denounce you to the police.—If you are then in Seville, you must take your fate."

At the close of this speech, which was like a thunderbolt to the amazed Alvarez, she opened the door, and calling her maid-servant, who was waiting, "Frasquita, conduct this young man out of the theatre," said she, and kept the door open, that he might pass. He moved mechanically through it, leaving her a look which conveyed all the agonized feelings of his soul; and quitting the theatre, he found himself at the posada, without knowing how he had arrived there.

CHAP. XIII.

Road over the [illegible] Sierra Morena.—Song.—Medellin.—[illegible] Don Benito.—Field of Medellin.—Desolation.—Caseria de la Vega.—Odd Contrast.—The Old Man of the Caseria.—Barbarity of the Warfare in the Peninsula.



"CAN this be Rosa?" repeated Felix to himself as he hurried along the streets. "Can this be the woman whose image has haunted me night and day, whose imagined sufferings have awakened the most poignant feelings of compassion, and for whom my heart has fondly nurtured an exalted affection, while she has been revelling in the impure satisfaction of her licentious passions, and immodestly exposing her person to the bold gaze of every vulgar wretch that chose to stare at it? It cannot

be! I am the dupe of some powerful spell that operates upon my bewildered senses."

But he became soon convinced of the reality of what he had seen and heard; and the conviction was accompanied with feelings of disappointment and anger, which he could not master. He found Julian at home, who eagerly inquired the cause of his agitation, and was informed by him of all that had happened. The result was a determination to leave Seville without a moment's loss of time; and as every thing had been already prepared for their departure in the morning, it was not long before they were ready. It was however past midnight before they left the posada. Alvarez mechanically partook of the supper which had been prepared for them, and mounted his mule in silence. The blow which his mind had received was too recent to allow him to recover soon from its effects; he continued in silent contemplation of his misery during the remaining hours of night.

Their mules were good ones, and carried them at a quick pace; they passed the village of Santi Ponce, and arrived at that of Guillena, before they were overtaken by the day. Sanchez had provided a well-furnished wallet, and it was their intention to avoid the haunts of men; they therefore passed on, and began to ascend the Sierra Morena, and soon discovered El Ronquillo, one of the first villages upon the fine road, that renders the pass of this range of mountains not only accessible, but easy. They passed through it, and choosing a spot beyond it, where they had the advantage of water and of shade, they took some refreshment, and devoted several hours to the repose which they had deprived themselves of during the night. Awakening after midday from the slumber to which they had been excited by fatigue, they continued their journey through the mountains, the steepness of which had been converted into an easy ascent by the power of art. Not a human habitation appeared to coincide with

the idea of civilized life excited by the formation of the road, until they arrived at the village of Almaden de la Plata; and when they left it, they again lost all signs of population, until at the distance of three long leagues they came to Santa Olalla, a more considerable place than any they had yet passed; and here they resolved to rest for the night, as the sun, which approached to the end of his day's journey, reminded them of the necessity of closing theirs.

Sheltered under a miserable roof in the skirts of the town, for Santa Olalla is of sufficient magnitude to entitle it to be called so, and composed to rest for the night, Alvarez retraced the events which had succeeded each other with such rapidity during the last few days of his life. The last circumstance was the most prominent feature in his retrospective picture; and having passed a whole day in the consideration of it, aided by the wholesome though rough advice of Julian, his anger was calmed, and he began to find more reason

to rejoice at his discovery of Rosa than to regret it. Every tie that had hitherto retained the vivid impression of her in his mind was now withdrawn. Honour, compassion, romance, all had vanished and left him unshackled by the fetters with which he had hitherto been bound. He recalled the time that had given rise to this ill-placed affection at Madrid; and his now unbiased memory produced a thousand incidents, which conduced to lessen his surprise at what had now passed, and also his regret for it. He wondered how he could have so blindly loved, for love he still called the sentiment which he had entertained for Rosa, and which he now renounced. He was not yet a master in the science of self-knowledge, and he laid the blame on the nature of the passion, which should alone have been attributed to the formation of his own character. He was about to imprecate a curse upon the whole sex; but, connected with the idea, came a thousand enchanting forms to his imagination, all of

whom he felt would ill deserve it. The figure of Ismena was at the head of them; and in proportion as he felt how unworthily his heart had been occupied, when he had clothed his feelings for her in the garb of gratitude, he now saw how ill-suited was such a disguise to their nature, and he confessed to himself that Ismena was the only worthy and the real object of his affection.

We have already seen that susceptibility was the weak side of Felix's character. In the early opening of his mind, he had embibed much real and classical knowledge; but the stream thus admitted was mingled as it flowed with the airy vapours of romance. The dreams of poets, and the tales of chivalry, had to him a peculiar charm, and had given a tincture to his character. Their influence was not seen as in that of Cervantes's hero of La Mancha; but he was fond of contemplating every thing through the medium of the colour which they had given to his mind. An object on which to place his affection was as neces-

sary to his mental existence as food to the support of his body. It was the rallying point of all the exalted ideas of his warm imagination; it gave form and plausibility to the wild dreams of his fancy. Ismena now became that object, and his conscience began to upbraid him for the ingratitude of his conduct towards her. Her health, of which he had received so afflicting an account from the dueña, became the subject of his greatest anxiety, and the possibility of hearing from her occupied his thoughts.

With the earliest dawn, Alvarez and Sanchez were upon their journey. The first rays of the sun had not banished the shade from under the dark chesnut trees, which rose by the side of the road, when they left the hut where they had spent the night; in a few hours they arrived at the bridge of Cala, over the rivulet of Huelba, and passing it they entered Estremadura, leaving behind them the fertile Andalusia, and soon came to the little town of Monasterio. They avoided the more frequented

road, which would have led them through the larger towns of Zafra, Almendralejo, and Merida, to Truxillo, and continued their way along that which led them through the smaller ones of Fuente de Cantos, Calzadilla, Los Santos, and Alange, where the enormous and perpendicular rock which bears its name stands like a towering wall upon the plain; and the ruined castle erected upon its highest point awakens at once the wonder of the peasant at the labour which raised it, and religious horror at the remembrance of the infidel masters by whom it was erected.

Alvarez had almost acquired his usual spirits, and he conversed with Sanchez upon the subject of his family, and the situation of affairs in the neighbourhood of the Quinta. By degrees, however, the conversation was dropped. Travelling generally induces silence, and at length the silence of their journey was only interrupted by the humming under-voice in which Julian repeated the air of a national song, an

indication of the perfect vacuity of his thoughts. Felix's mind, though employed, was attracted at last by the eternal repetition of this song. It was a favourite one of his; and as Julian continued singing it over and over, he almost involuntarily arranged to it the following words:

Oh! 'tis sweet to remember
The hours that are past,
If the sun of to-day
Beam as bright as the last;
But if black clouds envelope
To darken our doom,
That the day once was bright
Can but deepen the gloom.
Should the soft ray of hope intervene,
Like a meteor, 'tis gone ere 'tis seen;
And the brightness of joy
We have long ceased to know,
Tho' its light be reflected,
But deepens the woe.

When kind fate has once planted
Two saplings together
That are warmed by one ray,
And that feel the same weather;

When their branches entwine,
And their leaves intermingle,
It were better both died
Than that either were single.
Torn asunder, the one doomed to stay,
As it bends to the storm, seems to say,
Tho' chill is the blast
That my branches bows down,
Yet 'tis chiller to feel
That I bear it alone.

The sun had yet an hour of its course to run when the travellers came within sight of the Guadiana, and entered the suburbs of the once large and handsome town of Medellin.

"Is this Medellin?" said the astonished Alvarez, as he passed through the deserted, ruined streets, and cast his eyes upon the empty carcases of destroyed houses, the stones of which had resisted the force of the all-consuming flames, though in their black and sooty hue they bore the marks of their power. (11)

"This is indeed the remnant of the flourishing town of Medellin," sorrowfully

replied his companion, "which, but two short years ago, contained a numerous and happy population. War, horrid war, has here set his bloody foot, and left barrenness and desolation behind. More than two thirds of the town were burnt down by the savage conquerors of the army of General Cuesta, many of the people were butchered, and the rest left without the means of subsistence. Passing through here on my way to Seville, I had difficulty in procuring a supper—to such a state of misery are the people reduced."

"Let us leave this scene of wretchedness, where every object reminds us of the dreadful state of our country;" said Felix, "and rather seek a night's lodging in some humble barn where we can avoid this sight of destruction."

Leaving the town, they found themselves upon a large plain overgrown with long thin grass, at the end of which, at some distance, rose the steeples of Don Benito, the sister

town of Medellin. They once were equal in point of population, but the inhabitants of Don Benito had escaped with the deprivation of their personal property only; the blow had fallen heavier upon Medellin. The Guadiana makes a sudden turn at the former town, and, forming almost a semicircle of nearly two leagues, returns to the line of its course at the latter.

"This is the field of battle," said Sanchez, as they left the town; "it has remained without cultivation ever since, from want of hands to cultivate it, and now yields scanty nourishment to a few sheep. Vestiges of large graves are still remaining."

In the plain of the semicircle formed by the course of the Guadiana, there stands a *caserio*, or cluster of poor-houses, called la Vega, and thither the travellers directed their steps. They stopped at one of the first of the houses. It was a mud hovel, at the door of which there stood a melancholy old man, looking with folded arms

upon the ruins of a large farm house near to it. They accosted him, and he returned their salutation courteously. Upon asking him to allow them to pass the night under his roof, he told them that it was poor indeed, but that such as it was, they were welcome to all it afforded. They alighted; and having provided for their mules in a shed close by, they entered the cottage, where they found a little girl already busy in preparing something for their supper, and the old man sitting in the chimney corner.

Sanchez observed an expression of sorrow unusual to a Spanish peasant in the old man's face, and endeavoured to enliven the conversation. Remarking that he had a beard of some weeks' growth, he asked him jocosely if he were in the habit of going unshaved.

"Last Friday was three weeks," gravely replied the old man, "that our barber has neglected to come to us."

"Does he often treat you so ill?" said Sanchez.

"It has happened several times lately. A barber from Don Benito shaves the few remaining inhabitants of the caserio by contract; but I suppose he is grown rich, for he neglects us terribly."

"How by contract?"

"He engages to come every Friday, and shave us, and he receives from each a fanega* of wheat a year, in payment." (12)

Alvarez and Sanchez laughed; but the old man joined not in their mirth; his countenance never lost its fixed expression of melancholy.

There was something so imposing in the character of grief which was stamped upon his furrowed features, that it highly interested Felix, and he restrained the vein of humour in which Julian seemed inclined to

* A fanega is a measure weighing about eighty pounds.

indulge. The old man was little inclined for conversation, and it gradually declined until Sanchez had taken up his quarters for the night in a corner of the hut. Alvarez and the old man continued sitting at the opposite side of the hearth, on which there remained some embers of the fire that had been lighted to prepare the supper. Neither appeared disposed to arrange their situations for the night, and both were silent for a considerable time. Felix at length broke the silence.

"I have had most painful feelings, my friend, in passing this evening over the fatal plain before us."

The old man raised his head, and gazed for some moments upon Alvarez as he spoke; then relapsing into his former position, he answered, "Fatal indeed!"

"Were you here at the time of the battle?" asked Felix.

The old man again looked at Alvarez for some time with an emotion, as if strug-

gling with some painful feeling, and at length he burst into tears.

Alvarez was affected by the old man's agony, and felt inclined to follow his example; but while he was combating with his feelings, his companion spoke:

"The morning of that day saw me the happy father of three sons, and the master of a flourishing farm; and at night—— Oh God!——I was bereft of all, childless, and an outcast."

The big tears rolled down the old man's cheeks, and he shut his eyes in agony. Felix no longer restrained the sympathetic feelings of his heart.

"I fear I have recalled distressing images to your mind," said he.

"You cannot recall what is never absent. The bloody images of that horrid day never leave me for a moment; they are painted in fire upon my eyeballs; I see all other objects through them:—waking, they are before me: and if by chance I

close my eyes at night, they appear to me in dreams.—Holy Virgin, look down upon me."

There was a long pause; but the barrier had been broken down, the veil that hid the old man's inward grief had been withdrawn; he had found a sympathising heart; and in relating his sorrows, he tasted what has been called the luxury of grief.

"Oh! that day, Señor!—were I all black with sin, the great final day of retribution could not have so many horrors for me.—It was a fine day—yes—the sun shone upon the blood that was shed on that day, and oh! how much was shed; the Ortiga* was red with it: the blood that flowed from my veins reddened it. My boys, my dear boys, I had three of them, Señor; Juan, the eldest, was always a soldier; he had served the cause of our country for more than a year; he was with us three days

* The Ortiga is a tributary stream to the Guadiana which runs through the plain of Medellin.

before the battle, three happy days; the last that I ever shall call happy in this world; and he talked to his brothers Antonio and Carlos, and he lighted the fire of patriotism in their hearts, and they went and joined their brother's regiment the day before the battle:—that day—Maria Santissima!"——

The old man's tears interrupted his utterance; Felix felt that he could not speak. They were silent for a short time. The old man continued:

"It did not last long, Señor; the fight was soon over: oh! how many had ceased to live in that short time. I went to the field, and it was not long before I found them. Carlos was only wounded; but my poor Antonio—he was gone—quite gone, and Carlos was weeping over him. I asked for Juan—he was gone too—we never found him, Señor,—never."—

The old man paused again.

"Carlos and I took my poor Antonio's body to the farm there; but the demons

were already at work: the conquerors were not yet satiated with blood; they were robbing and murdering. We laid the body down, and attempted to save our things. A villain, a fiend, put a pistol to my Carlos's head—it went off—my boy, my only boy—my last—O God!"—

"Horrid barbarity!" exclaimed Felix.

"But their barbarity was greater to me," said the old man, "for they let me live." (13)

CHAP. XIV.

Graves.—Gloom over the Country.—The Alcalde of Santa Ana.—Horror.—Truxillo.—Movement of French Troops.—Desolation.—Las Casas del Puerto.—Valley of Almaraz.—The Quinta.

THE old man's story had made too deep an impression upon Felix to allow him to sleep; the horrible images which it had excited crowded upon his mind, and when at last his wearied eyelids gave way to the necessity of repose, the bloody spectacle of the field of Medellin, the day after the battle, presented itself to his disturbed imagination, and agitated him with frightful dreams. He awoke early from this unrefreshing sleep, and found the old man as he had left him, in his seat beside the now vacant hearth, and apparently he had not

found the respite from sorrow in slumber which his careworn senses so much required.

While Sanchez was preparing the mules for their journey, the old man took Alvarez by the hand, and led him from the cottage to the ruins of the farm-house hard by. It had been burned down; but the walls, which were yet standing, formed an enclosure, from one corner of which the rubbish had been cleared away, and thrown so as to form a kind of parapet around a spot large enough to contain three graves. The rounded earth indicated that two of these final habitations of man were occupied by their everlasting tenants; there remained a space between them, where the ground was flat, sufficiently large to admit a third.

" There lie my poor boys, Carlos and Antonio," said the old man, " and between them there is room enough for these poor limbs whenever it shall please God to release my soul from them."

Felix pressed his hand as he hurried from the spot, and afforded to the old man's heart the only alleviation of which his sorrow was susceptible—the feeling of creating sympathy.

It was long before Alvarez could shake off the gloomy feelings which this old man's situation had excited. As they journeyed on, however, the conversation of Julian, and the idea of his approach to his birth-place, his family, and his friends, contributed to divert his mind from the melancholy recollection. He came within the circle of the scenes that he recollected in early youth, and every tree, every farm-house, brought pleasing images to his remembrance. By degrees, as he advanced still farther, the hidden stores of memory unfolded themselves, and he presently lost all his sadness in retracing the gayer hours of his childhood, that happy age when the tear falls without staining the cheek over which it rolls, and the wounds of sorrow leave no scar behind.

Towards mid-day they came within a short distance of the Sierra de Santa Cruz, and they stopped a little way out of the village of Villamesia, for the purpose of rest and refreshment.

"Is not that the road to the little village of Santa Ana?" said Felix. "How fares the good old Señor Antonio Corrall, the Alcalde of that place?"

"It is long since I have heard of him," said Sanchez; "the state of the country has prevented frequent communication between my master and his friends. It is long, very long, since he has been to pay us a visit."

"'Tis but a short league out of our road," said Felix, "and we have plenty of time to reach Truxillo to-night: let us go and inquire for the old gentleman, and my little favourite, his daughter Pepita."

This digression from their straight road was determined on, and they took the one to the left, which led them to Santa Ana. It was a pretty little village; but here, as

every where else, there seemed a gloomy suspense of labour. A few neglected children at the doors of the cottages ran away, as if frightened at the appearance of two strangers. Arrived at the Alcalde's house, there was something ominous in its appearance; there was no cheerful assemblage of busy politicians within the porch, as there was wont to be about the siesta time: there was something in the dead and cheerless appearance of the whole village which struck a chill into the hearts of Alvarez and his companion. They alighted, and Alvarez entered, while Sanchez remained with the mules until he should send some one to dispose of them. The first object which struck Felix was the old Alcalde fed by a peasant, a dependant of the farm, by whom he was immediately recognized with delight; but Señor Corrall knew him not; there was a vacant look in his sunken eye which announced the state of his mind. Alvarez accosted him.

"Who is this man?" said the Alcalde.

"It is Don José Alvarez's son, the young gentleman who went to Cadiz when you were last at the Quinta de Vistosa," replied his attendant.

"Does he come from the Convent of Salvatierra? How is my daughter, friend?"

"I rather ask that question of you, Sir," said Felix: "How is my little favourite Pepa?"

"Well, very well," said the old man, with a smile; but there was something in the smile that rather induced sorrow than pleasure; and Alvarez felt inclined to weep without knowing why, as the Alcalde's features resumed the vacant expression of idiotism which had before marked them.

"What is the matter?" said Felix to the peasant.

The man shook his head. "It is a sad tale, Señor, and has deprived my master of his reason."

"Great Heaven!" cried Alvarez, "still do I cross the track of blood that these sa-

vage monsters leave in their path.—What is become of Pepa?"

"Didn't you know my daughter Pepa? She was a dear child, friend; a sweet flower nipped in the early bud, and here's the blast that blighted it."

The old man took a folded paper from his bosom, and deliberately unfolding and arranging it, he gave it to the peasant: "There, Joachim, read it—read it, I say."

"Do you understand French, Señor?" said Joachim, addressing Alvarez.

"No, I do not."

"Don Felix cannot understand it, Sir; it is written in French, you know."

"What of that? it's clear enough: I don't understand French, but I understand that—read it directly." The man still hesitated. "Will you not obey me?" said the old gentleman, and he cried like a child.

"Read it to humour him," said Felix. Joachim read as follows: (14)

"Monsieur L'Alcalde de la ville de Santa

Ana, le Commandant du detachement de communication cantoné dans le Castillo de Montanche, vous salue.

" Vu, que nous sommes ici pour votre bien, c'est de votre devoir de rendre agreable notre sejour parmi vous.

" Vu, que nous sommes trois officiers dans cette horrible chateau tous diablement ennuyés, il faut nous amuser.

" Vu, qu'il n'y a pas meilleur moyen pour cela que la société de femmes il faut nous envoyer trois de vos plus jolies *muchachas* pour nous tenir compagnie.

" Nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit—savoir :

" Que vous, Monsieur l'Alcalde, nous envoyiez les trois plus jolies et spirituelles demoiselles que vous avez dans votre ville de Santa Ana.

" Voulant vous distinguer audessus de vos concitoyens, comme de raison—il vous est permis de nommer votre fille, la Pepita, à cette honneur.

"Le serjeant et vingt chasseurs à cheval sont chargés de l'execution du present.

"Castillo de Montanche, le 20 Dec. 1812.

"St. Vincent,

"Capitaine du ——me regiment de chasseurs à cheval, officier de la legion d' honneur, &c."

As Joachim approached to the end, the Alcalde burst out into a childish laugh, which ended in a violent fit of coughing, that was after some time stopped, and he remained with his eyes closed, supported by the pillows by which he was surrounded in a large arm chair.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Alvarez.

The peasant explained the purport of the paper he had just read to Felix: although but indifferently acquainted with the French language from having picked it up in his communication with the French soldiers, who rather chose to make themselves understood in their own lan-

guage than to learn that of the unhappy nation they were afflicting, he was perfectly master of the specimen of it which he held in his hand.

"The execution of this infernal requisition, Señor," continued he, "followed but too close upon its presentation. The soldiers who were sent to enforce it, took away la Señorita Pepa, and the daughters of the farmer Juan el Cojo, and the Hidalgo, who lives in the quinta outside of the village Don Pedro de Cosmomorena."

"Inconceivable villany!" exclaimed Felix.

"They say," resumed Joachim, "that the two other girls became reconciled to their fate; and so indeed it should seem, though I can hardly believe it, for, when the regiment went away, they went with it."

"Impossible! but, Pepa, what of her?"

"Why, Sir, they kept her a fortnight among them, and then they sent her away, because she took it so much to heart. At

first when we heard this we were in hopes that all might yet go well, and that the villains had had pity upon her. But we were soon undeceived; the poor girl could never make up her mind to come back to the village; so she went to the Convento de Salvatierra, about three leagues from here, and she shut herself up with the five old nuns that still live there, and will let nobody see her; and my poor master has been foolish-like ever since they took her away."

"Where are thy thunderbolts of vengeance, oh! Almighty Power? Why are they still withheld from the heads of these monsters, these barbarians, to speak whose very name conveys more horror than all the crimes collected of all the ages of the world? I cannot bear to look upon that old man. If I have life, this arm shall be employed in vengeance for his daughter's wrongs; Adios, Adios."

As Felix said this, he rushed out of the house, and mounting his mule which Sanchez was yet holding at the door, they took the road to Truxillo.

The repeating poor Señor Corrall's story to Julian, and giving vent to the distressing feelings which it excited, occupied their conversation until they had ascended the rocky hill on which stands Truxillo, the birthplace of the renowned Pizarro, and the ancient residence of his family, the Marquises of Conquista, whose palace adorns the plaza.

Here they sought the house of an old friend, by whom they were joyfully received, and from whom they learned the political state of the country, although Felix could get no particular information of his father. The town was in the greatest confusion. The French troops, of which until that moment a considerable body had occupied Truxillo, for the purpose of collecting supplies, and protecting the depôt, were preparing to leave it hastily. One division had marched that evening at three o'clock, in the direction of the Tagus; and the whole of them, both officers and soldiers, had without mercy

robbed the inhabitants of the houses where they were billeted of every thing that they could carry away. The troops that remained were evidently preparing to march also. All the means of transport in the country had been put into requisition, for the purpose of breaking up the magazines, and carrying away the supplies. It was rumoured that the cause of this movement was the retreat of the French army under Marshal Massena, from the British lines before Lisbon, and its close pursuit by the English and Portuguese army. The people, although their sufferings were at that time increased by this circumstance, looked forward to it as the means of their final emancipation from the horrors that surrounded them, and were therefore in some degree reconciled to the misfortunes which the march of the French army occasioned them. Felix, whose anxiety to arrive at his father's house was increased by the knowledge that the division which had left Truxillo that evening

must pass by the quinta, retired early to a sleepless bed, from which he arose when it was scarce day-light.

The friend whose hospitality had sheltered them during the night accompanied them out of the town, and set them upon their road to the quinta, from which they were now distant about six leagues. Upon parting with Felix, he embraced him tenderly. "May God gran[illegible] said he, "that for my old frie[illegible] your f[illegible]r's sake, and for yours, I may be dece[illegible]ed in my anticipation of the [illegible]ction and desolation which the pi[illegible] b[illegible]ngs now about to leave us, and those already gone before, will scatter in their path May the Quinta de Vistosa escape their [illegible]ght: for if they see it, I fear it will not escape their savage rapacity."

Felix returned his friend's embrace; but the ominous warning which he gave him fell like lead upon his soul. As they journeyed on, frightful anticipations took

possession of his mind, and drove out all the pleasing images of happiness in the meeting with his father and sister which his fond fancy had created. They had already passed the little village of El Carrascal when they were met by a number of people, whose eager hum was heard before they approached sufficiently near to be accosted. But it was not the hum of jocular conversation, which commonly indicates the approach of a large party of Spanish travellers. There was no loud song mingled with the noise; no twang of a guitar; no chorus of merry voices such as those with which the muleteers so often abridge the distance of their journey, by the easy employment and amusement of their minds. The sounds which composed this body of life were the wailings of women, and the loud complaints of injured men.

Alvarez and Sanchez stopped as they passed. They were a number of villagers;

men and women carrying their children, and some of them with small bundles thrown across their backs. One of the first who came up accosted Sanchez.

"Ah, Señor Sanchez, if any thing could make me glad to-day, I should be glad to see you returned."

They were the whole inhabitants of the little village of Las Casas del Puerto, one of the prettiest in the valley of Almaraz, and distant about a mile from the Quinta de Vistosa. Alvarez recognized some of them, and made himself known to them.

"Ah, Señor Don Felix, is that you? Upon an evil day will you return to the house of your father. Yesterday's sun was the last that will ever set upon the village of Las Casas. God knows whether the quinta has not shared the same fate."

Felix had now been recognized by all the villagers. They had been the acquaintances of his childhood, and they crowded round him, for a moment for-

getting their misfortunes in the pleasure of bidding him welcome.

"Tell me, my friends, what dreadful misfortune has befallen you," exclaimed Felix.

Every voice was raised at once, to speak of individual sorrow; and it was difficult for Felix to collect any thing from the clamour until one peasant undertook to relate the general calamity.

"Last night, Señor, was a dreadful night for us. (15) A man from Truxillo told us in the evening that the French had left the town, and were coming to cross the bridge of boats that they have made across the Tagus, ever since the great bridge of Almaraz was blown up. We remained in our houses, Señor, because we were in hopes that in the night they would march by without doing us any harm. But we were woefully deceived. It was late when they arrived, and they halted for the night just outside of the village. The chiefs and principal officers

took up their lodging in all the large cortijos * in the neighbourhood. They say that a General slept at your father's quinta, Señor. The soldiers began the work of destruction, by tearing down our doors and windows, and taking all our furniture, and burning it as fire-wood in their camp. (16) We were patient, Señor, and still remained in hopes of protecting our little property. But all would not do. Some of the soldiers remained in our cottages. One of them—a brute—a devil—with thoughts put into his head by Beelzebub himself, seized hold of la tia † Anita, the wife of farmer Juan there. The dame struggled.—Overpowered by strength, she drew the villain's bayonet

* Isolated farm-houses.

† La tia is *the aunt* literally; but it is habitual in the country to call the matrons and heads of families, where there are younger women, by the general title of tia. The servants in a house call their mistress the *tia*.

which hung at his side, and stabbed him to the heart."

"She was a heroine," exclaimed Felix.

"She was, Señor; but the blow she struck was our death-warrant. The alarm was given in the camp. A French soldier had been murdered by a peasant, was their cry. They asked not how justly he had met his fate. The firebrands were at work. Our houses were given to the flames. Our blood too flowed. All whom they met they sacrificed. You see before you, Señor, the miserable few who saved themselves by flight."

Felix had been wrought up by this horrid recital; and at the sequel of it, unable to control his emotions, it was with difficulty he could prevent himself from falling from his mule. But the thought of his father came into his mind, and roused him into action. No one could give him any information of the inhabitants of the quinta, further than that they un-

derstood a General had slept there on the preceding night. The idea that the presence of a General might have restrained the depredations of his soldiers darted a ray of hope into his mind. He did not remember at the moment that it was the baneful example, avarice, and rapacity of the French leaders, that had first sown the seeds of cruelty in the hearts of their followers, and had since nurtured their too rapid growth.

He would have instantly hastened forward; but he was detained for a moment by the recollection of the destruction to which these unhappy people were hastening, under the idea that the whole of the French army had left Truxillo.

" Whither are you going, my friends? your destroyers are still before you.—'Tis but a small part of them that have left Truxillo; follow my counsel, I will befriend you; and whatever may be my fate, I have sworn to devote my life to the work of vengeance, for the multiplied wrongs of

our injured country. Retrace your steps, and cross again the Rio del Monte,* which lies a little way before us; there leave the road, and follow its course downward until you come to the mountain on which stands the Venta del Barquillo. Let that retired house be our rendezvous. There remain until I join you: you shall not wait for me long."

They received his advice and directions with an acclamation of thanks, and hastened to commence their retrograde journey. The spur of anxiety which quickened the pace of Alvarez and Sanchez enabled him to outstrip them. They soon reached the village of Jaraicejo, which they found deserted by its inhabitants, but only partially injured; and continuing their route, they passed through the thick wood which skirts

* The Rio del Monte is a tributary stream of some magnitude to the Tagus, into which it falls at the point where the road of communication between Caceres and Coria crosses it by means of the ferry-boat, called La Barca de Alconeta.

the road beyond it, and were not long before they arrived at the sudden precipice which ends the wood, and down which the road winds into the valley of Almaraz.

There is not in all Spain a point of view from which the eye discovers so enchanting a prospect—so delightful a mixture of the sublime and beautiful—so extensive and so diversified a scene, as the spot on which Felix now stood; where, after having wandered for some miles along an umbrageous path, overshadowed by the magnificent cork-trees, the multiplicity of whose trunks confined the horizon to the circumference of a few yards, the traveller arrives at the point to which he has been long ascending; and bursting at once from the shade which had surrounded him, the curtain as it were is suddenly withdrawn, and opens the brilliant scene of a vast valley, where the sight is only bounded by the snow-covered tops of the Sierra de Gata, while it rests in the centre of the valley, upon the beautiful banks of

the broad Tagus. He who could arrive at this point without emotions of delight and wonder is but ill fitted to enjoy the beauties of nature. To Alvarez it was familiar; yet, emerging from the wood, he stopped for an instant on that commanding height whence every village, every quinta, every single house of the valley, as far as the banks of the river, might be distinctly discovered. He was too much accustomed to behold from this point the trees that shaded his once happy birth-place to err in the direction of his glance at this moment.

"Now God be praised," cried Felix, raising his clasped hands to Heaven. "See, Julian, where the quinta stands unmarked by that lurid column of smoke that rises from the ill-fated village before us."

Las Casas del Puerto is the first village in the descent of the valley. It was still burning; for in many of its houses the curling flame had not yet been converted into the thick volume of smoke which rose from others. They shuddered as they passed it;

and now but a few moments, and they reach the quinta.

As a body which approaches the centre of gravity by which it is attracted encreases the rapidity of its motion, so Felix and Julian, who had first put their mules into a trot as they descended the valley, now approached the quinta on a full gallop. They entered the avenue of trees before the farm-yard—the gates were open—a dead silence indicated the desolation which Felix but too much dreaded to find. As they passed through the farm-yard, Julian burst into tears.

"Holy Virgin! see, Señor, see the mangled body of my poor fellow servant Geronimo!"

Felix's heart was swelled too big to allow for the utterance of tears. He leaped from his mule—he ran into the house—silence—silence all.

"My father, my Albertina," tremblingly exclaimed Felix, as he pulled open the door of the large hall in the centre of the house.

His father was there, but not to answer him; or rather the expression of the agony of death, which marked his countenance as he hung suspended from a beam before him, answered him but too well.

"O God!" exclaimed Felix, as he fell senseless on the floor. (17)

CHAPTER XV.

The Result of the Fate of Don José.—Formation of a Band of Guerillas.—Its first Enterprise.—The Old Man at Medellin.

THE grief which Sanchez felt for the fate of his unfortunate master was, after some time, diverted from its channel by another cause—the protracted fainting of Felix. He used every exertion to restore him to life; but was for a long time unsuccessful; and when at length Felix opened his eyes, it was but to confirm the fear which the remembrance of the wound he had received at Madrid had excited in the mind of Julian; he was again deprived of his reason. That wound in the head, from the effects of which it had required so much time and affectionate attention to recover him, had left his brain too susceptible of derangement to be able to resist the blow

which his mind had so suddenly received in the fate of his father. The power of respiration was restored to him; but he only employed it in raving cries upon his sister, and denunciations of vengeance upon the destroyers of his father.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Sanchez could force him from the scene of horror that surrounded them, which however he succeeded in doing, after having removed the distorted body of Don José, and placed it upon a bed in another apartment. He then endeavoured to conduct Don Felix to Truxillo, by the road of Deleytosa, and Torrecillas, instead of that by which they had come, lest they should meet any more of the French army. But Alvarez, now deprived of his reason, would not be guided; and it was only by deceiving him into the idea that they were pursuing the destroyers in search of Albertina, that he could be persuaded to follow the path Sanchez wished to take.

They arrived at Truxillo without meet-

ing with any of the troops; and Julian hastened to place his master under the care of Señor Muñoz, the friend who had received them as they passed through the town the day before. Muñoz, informed of the melancholy fate of his friend, participated in the feelings, and spared no trouble to alleviate the misfortunes of his son. A violent fever was the consequence of the agitation of his mind; and he remained for many weeks confined to his bed, in the most dangerous and afflicting state.

But Sanchez, in the mean time, was not unmindful of the interests, and what he knew to be the intentions of his master. Having deposited his charge under the friendly care of the family of Señor Muñoz, he repaired to the Venta del Barquillo, where Alvarez had promised to seek the unhappy outcasts from the village of Las Casas del Puerto. He found them as he expected, and informed them of what had taken place at the quinta, and the consequent situation of Alvarez. He told them,

that the remaining part of the French army had left Truxillo; and advised them to repair to that town, and endeavour to obtain the means of subsistence, until the recovery of Felix should enable him to follow the plan that he had conceived for taking vengeance on their inhuman oppressors; and which he told them was to form them into a body of guerillas. His advice was followed by universal approbation and concurrence; and acting upon it, they left the venta where they had concealed themselves. Some of them accompanied Sanchez to the quinta, which they found had not been further injured by those who followed its original destroyers. They consigned the remains of the murdered Don José to a decent grave, and made others for the mangled bodies of two of his servants who had shared his fate. Julian having ascertained that nothing remained in the quinta which could be carried away, proceeded to examine whether the barbarians had discovered a bag of gold which the careful

Don José had skilfully concealed in a part of the house, the secret of which had been confided to him alone. To his great delight, he found it untouched; and taking possession of it for Don Felix, he shut up the deserted quinta, and returned to Truxillo.

Felix's illness continued unabated for some time; and when he recovered his bodily health, the effects of his ill-fated wound in the head had been too violently renewed to be speedily removed. Month after month rolled on, and his mental derangement continued the same. Many important events in the history of his country at this interesting period passed unknown to him. The victories of Fuentes de Oñoro and Albuhera immediately followed his relapse into this unhappy state; and the province of Estremadura, and the place he inhabited, again became infested with the tigers of France.

It was during this return of misery to his country that he began to recover the faculties of his mind; but it was a consider-

able time before he was restored to the full use of them. After his restoration to reason, his memory recalled but too vividly the impressions which his father's death and the loss of his sister had made upon it. Julian conducted him to the quinta, and showed him his father's grave. He kneeled upon it, and solemnly swore to devote his life to the purpose of vengeance for his father's death, and for the wrongs of his country, and never to give up the search for his sister until he found her, or were fatally convinced that she had ceased to exist.

Sanchez imparted to him all that had passed since the unhappy occurrence which had deprived him of his reason, and he gave him the money which he had found in the quinta.

"Do you remember your plan for forming the ruined inhabitants of Las Casas del Puerto into a body of guerillas," said Julian, "and heading them yourself?"

"It has already recurred to my memory," replied Felix: "what is become of them?"

"Most of them remain in Truxillo, where they have found means of employment, and may perhaps have forgotten the design."

"But they must be roused to the remembrance of their wrongs, and to revenge them," said Alvarez: "this money will be sufficient to supply them with arms, and they have hearts that will teach them how to use them."

It was indeed no difficult thing to rouse these exasperated people, whom a sense of their injuries kept in continual irritation. Some of the fathers of families, who had obtained the means of supporting a miserable existence by the labour of their hands, preferred a peaceable state of slavery with their wives and children to any separation of their fate; but the younger part were all actuated by one spirit; and in the course of a month, Felix found that there were upwards of thirty peasants prepared to follow his fortunes in the work of retribution, and to share his fate.

Alvarez recovered from the state of

mind into which his misfortunes had placed him; but the effect which it had produced upon his character was irremediable; the wound was healed, but the scar which it left was indelible. He was no longer the cheerful being he had been in his childhood at the quinta; the accomplished youth he had appeared when at the university; or the pleasing, the animated link in the chain of society which had entitled him to the smiles of the beauties of Cadiz. He was changed in every point; the airy dreams of romance had given way to the gloomy imaginings of despair; the smiling dress in which his fancy used to deck all the objects from which he derived pleasurable sensation, and, in spite of all his early disappointments, these had predominated over the more peaceful ones of his life, was now stripped off. The thought of pleasure was banished from his mind—that which approached nearest to it was the satisfaction he derived from the anticipation of wreaking his vengeance on

the destroyers of his father. Daily and hourly did he repeat the oath by which he bound himself to consider this the only occupation of his life. Daily and hourly did he imagine aggravated scenes of horror, which he ardently hoped to realize in the progress of his revenge.

Something like a recurrence of the softer images of his mind would at times present themselves to his fancy in the form of Ismena; but he dwelled not on the thought; and rather strove to chase it away, by painting the probable sufferings of his sister, in quest of whom all search had been fruitless. She had not fallen a victim to their cruelty and thirst for blood, for her body was no where to be found; nor could she have fled from their barbarity, for whither would she have sought for refuge but in Truxillo, where she possessed so many friends? and if she had chosen any other place of security, would she not have returned during the period which had

elapsed, or at least have informed her friends of her retreat?

The little troop which Alvarez and Sanchez had engaged in their cause, and who now styled themselves a party of guerillas, were, not without difficulty, secretly provided with the necessary arms, and were not only ready to commence their campaign, but impatient of delay. Alvarez was anxious that the first blow they struck should be one which would make them feared by their enemies, who had been hitherto unaccustomed to be upon their guard against guerillas, in Estremadura, where no organized party of them existed. After some consideration, he decided upon executing a plan which had been suggested to him by the remembrance of the unhappy fate of Pepa, the daughter of his old friend, the Alcalde of Santa Ana. The post occupied by the villains who had perpetrated that atrocious act had long been given up; but another had been

established, for the purpose of communication, not far distant. It consisted of twenty men, and occupied the solitary venta of La Matilla, in the Sierra de Fuentes, midway between Caceres and Truxillo, for the communication between which places it was the relay. It was by the annihilation of this detachment that Alvarez determined to make the existence of his *partido de guerillas* at once known and feared.

Every thing was ready. Alvarez, with Sanchez, visited individually the persons who composed their little band, and informed them of the speedy commencement of their campaign. "Meet me," said Felix, "to-morrow, an hour before sun-set, on the banks of the river Magasca, near the village of Marta. The sun of to-morrow shall set for ever upon every living being in the Venta de la Matilla. Let every man seek a different road to the place of rendezvous, and let him arrive

there singly, lest our meeting be observed, and our design frustrated."

Alvarez slept not that night. The anxiety of his mind banished every thought of repose. He felt that he was about to commence a career which would be the future one of his life; in which he sought not glory, but just revenge for deepest injuries. He felt that he was about to draw the sword to avenge his murdered father:—delighted with the idea, he occupied his mind the greater part of the night in placing it in its most bloody forms, and in tracing the progress of his revenge till it should end in the extermination of all the French in Spain. He was upon the road to Marta, accompanied by Sanchez, shortly after dawn, although it would hardly require three hours to reach that place from Truxillo. His friend Muñoz was the only one not concerned in the secret who was entrusted with it; and to him Felix confided such

part of his small stock of money as he found it inconvenient to carry in his leathern girdle; at parting he took an affectionate leave of him, for he thought not of returning to Truxillo. His labours once commenced, he meant to abjure a life of quiet, and to devote himself to all the hardships and privations, that the danger with which he must be constantly surrounded would impose upon him. He resumed the peasant's dress which had been the means of preserving him in Puerto de Santa Maria, and he made no external difference between himself and those who partook of his dangers.

The Rio Magasca rolls its shallow and interrupted course round the base of a high hill, which intervenes between its stream and the large village of Marta.

It was on the side of this hill, as it shelved down to the river, that Alvarez first collected together his little troop, and here it was that they swore to prosecute an interminable war upon the ravagers of their

country, and never to spare the life of a Frenchman whom it was in their power to destroy; here too they acknowledged Alvarez as their chief, and promised an entire obedience to his commands. Thus was formed their bond of union, and they prepared to place the seal upon it by dipping their swords in the blood of their enemies.

Alvarez determined not to give the detachment any time for preparation, but to fall upon them, if possible, entirely by surprise. To ascertain the probability of a vigorous resistance from them, he went himself with Julian to the town of Marta, and procured a quantity of tobacco, under the pretence of selling which, he intended to introduce himself into the venta, to be able to seize the favourable opportunity of attack. To this end the guerillas crossed the Rio Magasca at different times, and concealed themselves in the wood with which the venta is surrounded, all however sufficiently near to it to be able to

hear any signal that might be given from it. Alvarez and Sanchez, with their tobacco, crossed the river higher up, and got upon the road to Cacere which led them to the venta.

As they approached it they discovered several soldiers sitting before the door smoking, whilst others were employed in cleaning their accoutrements in a shed which adjoined the house, and where there were ten horses ready saddled, and prepared for service, with the sabres of their riders hanging at the pummels. Alvarez judged from this that half the detachment were kept on duty at one time.

The soldiers accosted them:

"Ola—what have you got there?"

"Tobacco to sell. Will you buy any?"

"Let's see it."

Alvarez produced his packet of tobacco, which one of the soldiers took from him; and calling to some of his companions, they began without ceremony to share its contents.

"If you take it all," said Felix, "you must pay me four dollars for it."

"Quatro diablos," cried a soldier. "Be off at a trot; and thank your stars we don't take your horse from you."

Alvarez acted his part by grumbling, and pursuing his road, but he had seen enough to know in what state he might expect to find the dragoons. As soon therefore as he had got out of sight of the venta, he struck off amongst the trees that bordered the road on either side, and, retracing his steps, was not long in rejoining his companions, who were in ambush in the rear of it.

It had been a fine day, but the evening sky had gradually become overcast, and the gathering clouds, by impeding the rays of the sun, seemed to hasten him to his bed, bringing earlier on the night, for the arrival of which Alvarez and his party so anxiously longed. It came at last, and the conspiring clouds shut out every twinkling star, whose ray might have too soon

betrayed the approach of the death-bearing guerillas. They left their ambush, and gaining the road they arrived within a few yards of the venta unperceived. The soldiers had retired within it, to their supper; and apparently mirth proceeded at the banquet, for the rude noise of their loud laughter fell upon the ears of Alvarez and his companions. The open shed by the side of the house was still occupied, as when Felix and Julian passed. The horses of half the detachment were ranged under it, ready for mounting; their bridles only were wanting, and these were suspended from the pummels of their saddles on one side, whilst the sabres of the dragoons hung on the other. A solitary sentry paced along this line of horses, and the clang of his empty sabre sheath, as it drawled along the ground, responsive to his measured footsteps, was the only sound from without the inn, which mingled with the indications of mirth from within.

Having ascertained from this circum-

stance that their horses were guarded but by one man, Felix advanced to the shed with his band.

"Qui vive?" vociferated the sentinel.

The answer was a fatal one. The soldier fell deprived of the power of repeating the question, or giving the alarm. The horses were quickly bridled, and the sabres in the hands of the guerillas, who were before only armed with such weapons as could be concealed—pistols, knives, and daggers. A sufficient number of the party remained with the horses to protect them, whilst others, headed by Julian, went round the house in search of the other stable, where they expected to find the remaining horses. Alvarez led the rest of his men to the venta. The door was confined by a wooden latch, which was capable of being raised as well from the outside as from within. Proceeding with caution, Felix gently pushed the door open, but was scarcely able to distinguish clearly the objects that presented themselves, from the

quantity of smoke which filled the great, and almost only room of the venta, for the lofts above stairs hardly deserved to be so called; this was a combination of the smoke which the strong wind prevented from ascending through the ill-contrived chimney, and that which had passed through the mouths of the soldiers, who were regaling themselves with the tobacco of which they had robbed Felix.

The noise of their mirth had a little abated, or rather was drawn to one point by the attention of the whole to the song of one man, who was amusing his comrades and himself, by singing a French *chanson de table;* and this temporary silence rendered more electric the shock which was produced by the pistol of Felix, with which he effectually and eternally silenced the voice of the singer.

The confusion that ensued is not to be described, and it must be left to the imagination to picture the bloody sacrifice, of which it was the prelude; if any are re-

volted at the scene which presents itself to their minds, let it be remembered that the Spaniards were seeking redress by the law of retaliation, when no other law was respected, and that in the execution of its dictates of taking life for life, they were punishing, by a rapid and almost instantaneous death, those who were deliberately and wantonly inflicting torture, and committing murder under the most aggravating circumstances of cruelty. Nor can it be said that they were punishing the innocent for the guilty; for although the dragoons of La Matilla were not perhaps the ravagers of the valley of Almaraz, yet the infection had spread too far in the ranks of the French army; the thirst for plunder, and the consequent indifference, or delight in the production of human misery was too general for any part of it to escape its influence: and Alvarez felt as the work of death was going on, that although no hand there had held the brand that fired Las Casas, nor fixed the fatal knot that de-

prived his father of life, yet, that he was avenging the destruction of many another village, and the fate of many another parent.

The guerillas were not long in effecting their purpose. The manner in which the soldiers were surprised, and the confusion of mingled friends and enemies in the venta greatly assisted them. Five or six of the men who were in the stable with the unsaddled horses when Julian's party had attacked them, had opposed no resistance, but saved themselves by flight; of the rest of the detachment not one remained to tell the tale: one of the guerillas had been killed, and two slightly wounded. Those who had fled would certainly alarm the troops at Caceres or at Truxillo, and a speedy retreat was necessary. They possessed themselves of the horses and arms of their victims, and having taken all that was found of any value about their persons, they assembled round Alvarez to receive his orders.

"My friends," said he, "the work of retribution has been performed in a manner worthy of the cause which we have armed to defend, and of the vengeance which your wrongs require: we must now seek a safe retreat; we shall no where find so secure a one as in the woods and passes of the Sierra Morena. Thither let us repair: let each man take his own road, taking care to avoid the neighbourhood of towns, or the stations of the enemy, where our arms would subject us to discovery and death. Let the small Caseria of Palacio, at the source of the river Cala, upon the borders of Andalusia, be our place of rendezvous, and every man arrive there with what speed he can.—God be with you all."

The guerillas, exhilarated by their success, and delighted with their booty, divided themselves into small parties. Those to whose lot the horses had fallen, retained their arms and military appearance; but the remainder, who were obliged to walk,

kept their concealed weapons only, and by means of their capas assumed the appearance of common peasants. They separated according to the directions which had been given them.

Alvarez and Sanchez continued together. They struck off into a small path with which Julian was acquainted, and which led them over the mountain to the village of Plasenzuela, from which place they kept along the skirt of a country road which carried them near Robledilla, Miajadas Rena, and other villages. It was still dark when they crossed the bridge of Medellin and entered the ruined streets of the town.

"Do you remember the poor old man," said Felix, "who gave us a night's lodging when we passed this way a twelvemonth ago?"

"Let us go and see him," said Sanchez.

"I was about to express the same wish," replied Alvarez, and they proceeded to La Vega.

They had no difficulty in remembering the little hut where they had been sheltered, nor any in entering it, for the door was upon the latch. The inside was lighted by a solitary *candil* or oil-light hung up in the chimney, and they found the old man lying upon a truckle bed in one corner of the room, with his arms crossed upon his breast. Upon taking the light from the chimney and approaching the bed, they found that he was not asleep, and they accosted him.

"Are you come so soon," said he; "the hours have passed quickly with me since I sent the little girl to Don Benito to fetch you—I thought it but a few minutes ago."

"We do not come from Don Benito."

"Who are you then?" asked the old man.

It was with some difficulty that Alvarez could bring himself to his recollection, and his memory was unassisted by his sight; for upon turning his head to look at the stranger who spoke to him, he beheld two

men with broad-brimmed hats and large capas, which being partly thrown aside, discovered broad leathern girdles, containing a range of cartridges, and supporting a brace of pistols, by means of a long tongue fastened to them, and slipped between the girdle and the body. Their sabres were held under their left arms, and Felix's right arm elevated the light above his head.

After some time the old man recollected them. "You are come," said he, "to behold the end of my miserable existence—I am about to join my dear boys in another world—I feel that the moment is fast approaching, and I have sent for the only man in the world who is interested in my fate."

Alvarez endeavoured to speak comfort to him.

He continued—"I have been praying for this moment many a day: praised be God it is come at last. I shall meet my sons in heaven—I ardently hope it—I firmly believe it." The old man was in-

terrupted by a violent fit of coughing, which, however, after some time subsided.

"I fear I cannot survive another such fit, and I will therefore impart to you what I wished to have told my friend. Under the brick in yon corner, which is loose, you will find a bag containing fifty doubloons. It is the remains of a hidden treasure which escaped the general wreck. There is one Señor Geronimo Alva, who lives at Don Benito: he will be here presently; give it to him. It is my free gift: but tell him that I entreat him to bury my body—" Here the old man attempted to rise in his bed, to express the earnestness of his request, but the exertion was too great for him; it produced another fit of coughing, which realized his own prediction—his spirit fled.

But the old man had said enough to remind Alvarez of the visit he had paid to the graves of his sons in the ruins of the house. He remembered the vacant place which had been left between the two graves, and the intention he had expressed as to its

destination, sufficiently to close the speech which the old man had left unfinished.

It was a considerable time before Señor Alva arrived from Don Benito, and Alvarez and Sanchez occupied it in refreshing themselves and their horses. Having imparted the dying man's legacy and his request to his friend, and obtained a promise that attention should be paid to it, they again set forth on their journey to the Sierra Morena.

CHAP. XVI.

Cadiz—Mosquera and Ismena—Libel on the British Government—Levant Wind—Christmas Gambols—Nacimientos—La Noche buena—Ismena alarmed.

WE will leave Felix in the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena, inuring himself and his men to the hardships of their new profession, and occasionally intercepting couriers and small detachments, by which the communication had hitherto been kept up between the armies of Marshals Soult and Marmont; and we will carry our readers back to Cadiz, the siege of which place had been conducted with increased vigour.

Mosquera, having, as he imagined, effectually prevented any ill consequences to himself from the detection of his villany, by the removal of Alvarez, was anxious to

ascertain to what extent Felix had informed Ismena of his intentions, in the letter which he had been prevented from intercepting by the unfortunate intervention of the dueña. Mosquera had no reason to doubt the account which Felix had himself given of its contents; for he had evinced too blind a confidence in him, in so implicitly relying on his information and following his advice, to admit the supposition that he had thought it necessary to deceive him in any respect.

The receipt of Alvarez's letter astonished and perplexed Ismena, to whom it was delivered by the Señora Ana, while she was still confined to her bed. With his history previous to his arrival at Cadiz she was but imperfectly acquainted; but she was aware that he entertained an affection for Rosa, which, however, she had discernment enough to see was seated more in his imagination than in his heart; and it rather excited her to endeavour to supplant her rival than discouraged her from the hope of succeed-

ing. When, therefore, in his letter he told her that attention to his dearest interests obliged him to lose no time in reaching Seville, she could only conjecture from a knowledge of his character, that he had considered his affection for Rosa as forming those interests; and she imagined that he might have learnt that she was at Seville: but when in continuation he proceeded to inform her of the means by which he was enabled to gain his end, by leaving Cadiz, although he mentioned no name, she had no hesitation in pronouncing Mosquera to be the person under whose baneful influence he had acted; for during her acquaintance with Alvarez she had often found the necessity of combating the power which his friend had acquired over his mind, and which he abused to lead him into dissipation and destruction. Besides this, with all his art, more than one circumstance had pointed the finger of suspicion at Mosquera; and the inference which Ismena drew from Felix's connection with him, and the man-

ner of the latter's leaving Cadiz was, that he was the dupe of the former, of whom she was confirmed in the idea that he kept up a communication with the besieging army. Her suspicions, however, did not amount to sufficient certainty, to enable her to denounce him to the police, which she could not have done without divulging Felix's secret, and allowing him to be considered as a traitor.

The account which Ismena received from Captain M——, of Felix's conduct at the battle of Barrosa, and during the whole of the expedition, was calculated to confirm the favourable opinion she had conceived of him, and, unlike an Andalusian passion, her affection for him increased in spite of his absence, which was attended with such mysterious circumstances. As she became restored to health, the visits of her friends in the English army were renewed with greater frequency than before the expedition: Captain M—— particularly frequented her aunt's house; and her conver-

sations with him respecting Felix, in whom M—— took a sincere interest, served but to increase the impression which he had made upon her heart.

The bustle, the interest, the hope, which the expedition that had ended in the battle of Barrosa had excited in Cadiz were now subsided; and the discussion on the unfortunate conduct which had destroyed the fruits of that hard-earned victory, and the party-spirit which it had excited in the town, were gradually sinking into oblivion. But it was not the intention of the dastardly agents of the Usurper, at the head of whom was Mosquera, that the party spirit and dissensions which had been thus raised should be so speedily quelled. Mosquera set his ingenuity to work, and produced a pamphlet, which being published and widely circulated in the town, was but too efficacious in increasing the jealousy and distrust of the assistance afforded by the British, which was already so widely disseminated. He called his pamphlet a Letter from the

Ladies of Cadiz to King George the Third, King of England;* and it clothed in an ironical style the most barefaced calumnies against the British Government, and the most ingenious misrepresentations of its actions and intentions. Glaring as was the purpose of this infamous work, it nevertheless produced a sensation among the inhabitants of Cadiz of sufficient importance to induce the minister of the government that it libelled to publish an answer to it, which, however, went but a little way towards preventing its ill effects; for no people are so completely guided by prejudice as the Spaniards; and powerful indeed must be the reasoning which will convince them of the error of an opinion once formed and adopted, however absurd it may be.

The comparative retirement in which Ismena lived, had prevented her from being in company with Don Luis for a considera-

* Las Damas de Cadiz á Jorge Tercero, Rey de Inglaterra.

ble time after the battle of Barrosa. It was chance which at length brought them together, and Ismena was determined to profit by the occasion, to endeavour to discover whether Mosquera was acquainted with the movements of Alvarez.

The inhabitants of Cadiz were already molested by the unwelcome visit and ill effects of the Levant wind, which announced the approach of the winter season. (18) The busy crowd at the end of the Calle Ancha,* in the Plaza de San Antonio, about two o'clock, generally consisting of almost all the merchants of Cadiz, was reduced by the chilling and unwholesome blast to a few straggling politicians or deeply interested votaries of commerce; and the gay shops of the lower end of the Calle

* The Calle Ancha, or principal street of Cadiz, serves as the Exchange, where the mercantile business is transacted, and the daily news discussed. Its shops are the handsomest and richest in the town, and it consequently becomes the favourite morning lounge.

Ancha, so constantly the resort of all the fashion of Cadiz, in the lounging employment of shopping, were now only visited by an occasional belle, who, well wrapt in her mantilla, with hurried pace ventured to seek some article of real necessity, in spite of the whirls of dust that ascended in the middle of the street, and at the risk of being blown away. It was an errand of this kind which had induced Ismena to take a walk, and which brought her to the shop of La Niña Bonita.* Mosquera passed, and, seeing her, entered the shop.

"At the feet of mi Señora Doña Ismena de Valdez," said he.

"*Beso de vmd la mano, Señor*—I kiss your hand, Sir," she replied.

"It is long since I have had the good fortune to meet you, Señora."

"Señor Don Luis is aware that my aunt's house is at his service. If he wished our society, therefore, he would seek it."

* "*The pretty girl:*" a celebrated milliner of the Calle Ancha, is so called.

Mosquera ran over some common-place compliments and excuses.

"I have been wishing to see you Don Luis," said Ismena, "to hear from you some news of Don Felix Alvarez. Where is he now?"

"I was in hopes to have obtained that information from you, Señora."

"From me, Sir!"

"I could hardly suppose," said Mosquera, "that Felix could be so ungrateful, for the interest which Doña Ismena takes in his welfare, as to keep her in ignorance of his fate, although the claims of long established friendship have not been sufficient to induce him to inform me of his fortunes."

Ismena was so firmly convinced, that it was through Mosquera that Felix had left Cadiz, that she looked upon what he said as artfully intended to discover how far Felix had made her acquainted with his plans, and endeavoured to lead him into a confession of what she was unacquainted

with, by pretending to be better informed than she really was.

"I thought, Señor, that you were aware of the manner of his quitting Cadiz, and the reasons which induced him to leave it. You may not however have been informed of his departure from Seville."

"I was not aware that he had reached Seville," said Mosquera. "Upon leaving Cadiz, I understood that he went to Lisbon."

This conversation of cross purposes continued for some time, without either of the persons who sustained it being able to obtain any satisfactory information upon the subject of their inquiry; and when they separated, the impression which it left upon the mind of Ismena was a doubt as to her suspicions of Mosquera, who on his part supposed from what he had heard, that Felix had found means to convey information to Ismena, though he could not understand how; and he inferred from this circumstance, and from her manner towards

him, that in her he had to fear an enemy, acquainted with his character and his employment. The entrance of such an idea in his mind was sufficient to set all his invention at work to guard against this enemy, and if possible to avoid the danger by her destruction.

The visits of Captain M——, and some other of the British officers, at the house of Ismena's aunt, became more frequent than before the expedition; and as Christmas approached, the usual sombre routine of the evening there gave way to a gayer order of things. A family, consisting of a mother and three merry girls, had lately arrived at Cadiz from Tarifa, where they had been the intimate friends of Ismena. Their residences were now not far apart, and the tertulia was increased by their number, and enlivened by their presence. The elder ladies sat close into the *brasero*,* while a

* The *brasero* is a large brass pan, placed in a wooden frame, containing burning charcoal, which is

larger circle was made around it by Ismena and her newly arrived friends las de Nuñez,* intermixed with M——, three or four other English officers, and some occasional Spanish acquaintances. Instead of the usual routine of gambling and scandal, which was carried on in the higher tertulias, these more domesticated ones were diversified by Christmas games, forfeits, and occasionally music and dancing. The games which were generally played particularly amused the English officers, to whom they were quite new, and who entered into them with all the spirit of schoolboys. Sometimes the party sat in a small circle, every person holding fast of a shawl,

the only means by which the rooms in Spain are warmed in the winter.

* Las de Nuñez is a familiar way of expressing the whole family, as we say, the Nunez's. The Spaniards make use of it most commonly to express the female part of a family only, and they even use it in the singular, when talking of a new married wife or an only daughter, they say La de Nuñez, as we would say Mrs. or Miss Nuñez.

so as to stretch it out in the form of a table, and being so stretched, it was raised to be even with the mouths of the whole party which rested against it. In this situation a light piece of wool is placed in the middle of the shawl; at a signal given, every body begins to blow as hard as they can, and the wool is consequently agitated from one side to the other; but it is impossible to resist laughing at the gestures of the opposite and surrounding neighbours, and whoever laughs is unable at the same time to blow; the cessation of his efforts causes the wool to be influenced by the opposite blower, and it immediately takes refuge in the laugher's mouth, who is obliged to pay a forfeit for indulging in his mirth, and thereby receiving the wool.

When Christmas arrived, Ismena was induced, by her desire to make her English friends acquainted with the customs of her country, to walk at times with the greater part of the tertulia, through different quarters of the town, either following the

musical parties, which were continually met in the streets, or visiting *nacimientos.* At Christmas time a number of the respectable part of the poorer class of society adorn their houses with what they call *nacimientos,* or representations of the birth of our Saviour with puppets. These are sometimes large enough to occupy a whole room, and sometimes small enough to be contained in a glass case. They consist of wooden figures, intended to represent the persons who were really present at that event, dressed in costume: the scene is laid at the gate of Bethlehem; and the landscape around is decorated with various groups of men, animals, trees, &c. They are lighted up at night, and thrown open for public inspection, it being the fashion to go about in parties, from one to another, to see them. There are a great many *nacimientos* in all parts of the large towns of Spain, which are made from motives of devotion; and it is only after visiting the inferior ones in the houses of poorer people, that a plate is pre-

sented to you on going out to receive your donation.

The night of Christmas eve is called by the Spaniards *la noche buena*, or the good night. It is one of peculiar merriment, and few persons think of retiring to their beds until the morning dawns. At midnight high mass is said in all the principal churches, called *la Misa del Gallo*, or mass of the Cock, from being said at the earliest cock crow. After the mass, the lower sort of people assemble in parties in the streets, and plazas, and pass the night in dancing and singing. On these occasions the universal instrument, the guitar, is accompanied by a rustic one called a zambomba, which is made with a piece of parchment strained across the mouth of a pitcher, with a stick so placed through a hole in the middle of it, that upon moving it up and down, a roaring noise is produced like that which is made by a piece of wood swung in a circle by school-boys in England. This uncouth music mingles with their loud singing,

and their twanging guitar, and all together serve as an inspiring accompaniment to the movements of the fandango, the olé, the guaracha, or the zapateado.* The better sort of people amuse themselves in strolling about to witness these riotous revels, or in assembling at their houses to pass the night in convivial merriment.

On the noche buena the tertulia at Ismena's aunt's had remained until twelve o'clock in the house, and then the whole proceeded to the church of Los Descalzos, where the sacred music to be performed during the ceremony was to be executed by the most celebrated professors of Cadiz, both vocal and instrumental. The music was delightful, and the crowd in the church was very great; each gentleman took a lady under his charge, and procured a proper situation for her, where she might both see the ceremony, and hear the performance to advantage. Captain M—— remained with

* Different sorts of national dances.

Ismena; but as in the crowd the party were obliged to separate, they had all agreed to assemble at a particular corner of the plazuela in front of the church when the mass was concluded.

It was in this situation that Ismena and M——, who had disentangled themselves from the crowd sooner than the rest of the party, were waiting for the general assembling of their friends, when a woman, who had been sitting upon the steps of the church as they descended, came up to them, apparently with the intention of begging.

"*Una limosna por el amor de Dios*—Charity for the love of God," said the woman.

"*Perdona vmd*— (20) pardon me, good woman," said Ismena.

"I will give charity to *you* unasked, Doña Ismena Valdez," returned the woman.

At the mention of her name, Ismena gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Go home as quick as you can," con-

tinued the woman, "and for your life do not pass by through the Calle del Vestuario."

She said this in a rapid manner, immediately hurried away, and was soon lost in the obscurity of the plazuela, which was but dimly lighted by a few lamps.

The astonishment of Ismena cannot be described. She saw no reason for avoiding the Calle del Vestuario, which was the street immediately before them, and the direct way to the Plaza de San Antonio, where they intended to go, as well as the road homeward. She knew of no danger she had to dread, yet she felt a sensation of fear, and an anticipation of evil without being able to assign the cause. She imparted what had occurred to Captain M——, who had been prevented from understanding the woman by the rapidity with which she spoke, and had conceived it to be the grumbling of a disappointed beggar. He laughed at her fears, and would have neglected the advice, but it had made too

much impression upon Ismena; when therefore their friends were assembled, she was so earnest in her desire of relinquishing the project of joining the merry groups with their *guitarras* and *zambombas*, that they proceeded homeward, taking care to avoid the Calle del Vestuario.

CHAP. XVII.

The Isla de Leon—Carnival—Masquerades—Mistaken Humour—Dangerous Jest—Spanish Lightness of Heart—Redondillas of Quevedo—Ismena again alarmed.

THE incident recorded in the last chapter had the effect of alarming Ismena, particularly as she could not divest herself of the idea that she was threatened by some danger, although she was unable to guess of what nature, or from what quarter. She occupied herself in unsuccessful speculations on these points, and confined herself almost entirely to the house for several weeks. But in the course of time, as nothing at all occurred to realize the images of her foreboding fancy, the impression faded away; she began to think

less of it, and at length almost forgot it. The gay ideas inspired by the approaching carnival by degrees took the place of the suspicions which had prevented her from enjoying the amusements of Christmas.

Previous, however, to the carnival, several of the shells thrown by the French had reached as far as the glacis of the town. This excited an alarm among the old women of Cadiz, that the town itself was not safe from these destructive visits; an alarm which, though afterwards proved to be well founded, did not escape the ridicule it appeared at the time to deserve. The old aunt of Doña Ismena was among those who were possessed with this idea, and, impelled by the fear which it occasioned her, she immediately avoided the danger by leaving the town, and taking lodgings in the Isla de Leon.

The Isla de Leon is a handsome large town. From being so near the Caraccas, one of the principal naval depots and

arsenals of Spain, it had ever been the residence of a great number of naval officers, and was so still, although the neglect and ruin of the navy had entailed poverty upon them. Yet, though many of them were reduced to a state of deplorable wretchedness, that element of the Spanish character, the thirst for pleasure, was uninfluenced, and unabated; and the carnival of 1812 was celebrated with more spirit by these ruined families of once affluent officers in the navy, than even at Cadiz, where the protracted continuance of the siege began to cast a damp upon the minds of the people. Ismena found herself at the Isla amongst numberless friends of her father, with most of whom she was acquainted by name only, but with some she was more intimately connected. By means of these, however, she soon found herself well received in a numerous society, who retained the goddess Pleasure amongst them by opposing the smiles of Momus to the frowns of Fortune. The Isla de Leon

was the head quarters of the British division, the officers of which had entered more into the manners and customs of the Spaniards, than generally those had done who were stationed at Cadiz; they were admitted upon a familiar footing at most of the tertulias of respectability, and they entered with spirit into all their amusements. Ismena found many of her acquaintances amongst those she now met.

The time of carnival arrived, and the Governor's *bando*, or proclamation, was published, prohibiting the use of masks during its continuance, according to the wise provisions of an ancient law to prevent disturbances. But, to prove that the law was forgotten except in its form, the Governor at the same time circulated information to all his friends that the saloons of his house would be thrown open for the admission of masks every evening while the carnival lasted. Nor were his fellow citizens more scrupulous than himself, for they not only accepted his invitation, but followed his

example. Every house of respectability was open for the reception of the groups of masks of which there were a constant succession. Parties of twenty or thirty dressed themselves in similar fancy costumes, and proceeded from house to house, where they were at all acquainted, or likely to meet their acquaintances, executing in each some well-arranged figure dance which they had previously studied. Such groups as these were always preceded by a *bastonero*, or master of the ceremonies, who, although he assumed a fancy dress, was without a mask, and was considered responsible for the propriety of behaviour of his troop. Almost from the moment that the sun set, until he again rose, repeated groups of this kind were to be met in every part of the town. Some assumed the form of a band of Indians: others, the dress of a company of shepherds: and the great variety of figures formed a never-failing source of amusement. The single figures were not less numerous, and were more diversified, and

when assembled at any of the houses open for their reception, they mingled in merry confusion; sometimes forming dances or waltzes irregularly in every part of the room, and at others exercising their wit in conversation.

The English officers not only took their share in these universal merry makings and masquerades, but many of them overacted their parts, and went beyond the limits which even the Spaniards had placed to their search for amusement. These masquerades, although they lasted the whole night, were confined to the night; but upon one occasion the English officers indulged the vein of humour which the season excited by dressing themselves up in fantastic forms, and promenading the whole town on horseback at noon-day. They laughed, and were amused; the Spaniards laughed too, but rather at the actors than at the farce, for these foreign wits forgot that though a caricature of a Yorkshireman cannot fail of exciting mirth in Eng-

lish spectators, yet that very few of the inhabitants of the Isla de Leon were aware that there was such a place as Yorkshire in the world. This motley group contained a Yorkshireman, the taylor going to Brentford, a fat parson, Punch and Judy, &c. (21)

As separate figures many of the British officers were more happy in their choice of character, and adapted them to the ideas of the nation they sought amusement by amusing. But during the carnival there was another group of the same nation, which adopted a conceit that, although imitative of the customs of Spain, deserved more censure than its wit could counterbalance. A party of them, who perhaps had indulged too freely in the use of wine, dressed themselves exactly in the costume of the persons forming the procession which accompanies the Host when it is taken from the sanctuary to be administered to a dying person. This mock procession set out late in the evening, and being well acted deceived the unsuspicious people wherever it passed.

Every body paid their adoration to it, as to the real representative of the Holy Sacrament, by kneeling wherever they met it: the sentries presented arms; the guards turned out. They might perhaps have proceeded undiscovered had not some of the actors of this irreverent procession been seized with a terror, lest, upon approaching a spot where a crowd had assembled, they might be discovered. A confusion was created amongst them, and already had the greater part of the people composing the crowd bent their knees to do honour to the procession, when to their great astonishment it dispersed; priest, assistants, and choristers, each running away by a different road. The separation of the party was the salvation of the whole. The pursuit was divided, and in the dark, by some means or other, every one escaped; but a representation was made on the following morning to the British General, who very severely reprimanded the performers of this sacrilegious masquerade.

Ismena allowed herself to be carried along by the stream into which her removal to the Isla had thrown her; she sometimes joined the groups formed by her friends, and sometimes went to the masqued balls with them in separate characters. At one of these, she was joined by an English officer with whom she was acquainted, who was also in character, but they had made a mutual discovery of themselves, and were conversing in a retired part of the room.

"Do you remember," said Captain Williams, the English officer, "do you remember the young Lieutenant in the navy, whom I met at your aunt's house at Cadiz, and who used to amuse us so much at Christmas time?"

"Do you mean Juanito Mesias?" replied Ismena; "he is at the Isla now, I saw him last night."

"Indeed, poor fellow, he is," resumed Captain Williams; "he called upon me this morning in a most deplorable con-

dition; he has been three-and-twenty months without receiving any pay, and he declared to me that he has been some time without a farthing in his pocket, and that he had not the means of procuring necessary sustenance for the day. I am ashamed to say, that having been very frequently imposed upon by persons in his situation, I almost steeled my heart against his application for a trifling loan, and sent him away with a single dollar; but since the morning I have taken some trouble to inquire into the truth of his statement, and I find it to be literally correct. I am shocked at it, and will seek him out."

"I too will endeavour to procure him assistance," said Ismena;" "poor fellow, he is the merriest soul alive. You will hardly believe that I saw him last night dancing at the house of la de Chacona."

"Impossible—you must be mistaken: can a being so overpowered with misery find pleasure in the gaiety of a dance?"

"You do not know the Spaniards, I see,"

said Ismena; "but here comes my troublesome, witty partner for a waltz."

"I was going to ask you to waltz with me."

"You are too late—this Manolo now advancing has my promise."

A mask approached, dressed in the ragged costume of a low Gitano, intending to represent the character of Manolo. As he came up to the spot where Ismena was sitting, he dexterously took his long cloak, and, swinging it round, spread it at her feet, quoting in a feigned voice from the character he personified. (22)

"Come, the waltz is playing," said he; then, turning to Captain Williams, "I know you," and proved the truth of his assertion by repeating the name of a lady of whose society the Captain was known to be fond, making at the same time some pointed remark on her.

The waltz commenced, and the parties separated. In the course of the evening, however, Ismena sought out Captain Wil-

liams: having found him, she resumed their conversation.

"Who do you think my merry partner proved to be?" said she.

"I have no idea."

"None other than the very Juanito Mesias whose poverty induced him to appeal to your generosity this morning."

"Can it be?" exclaimed Captain Williams.

"Come into the room for refreshments, and convince yourself."

Captain Williams was convinced; for Manolo had taken off his mask, and was really Juan Mesias, who accosted him in the most unembarrassed manner.

The Englishman could not comprehend the unextinguishable gaiety of the Spaniard.

"I will give you another instance of it," said Ismena, when they again entered the drawing-room. Do you see that figure dressed as a dueña, following and scolding that gay girl with the castagnets. That is la Conchita, the daughter of the Mar-

quesa de Camacho: she has been said to be ill for some time, but I called there yesterday morning, and finding her apparently well, I asked her what was the matter: her answer was that she had an *enfermedad de ropa*, a clothes disease, meaning that she was too poor to be able to procure proper clothes to appear in; yet you see with what spirit she sustains her part, and how heartily she enters into the fun of it.*

While they were talking together, a crowd of masks came pushing by them, surrounding one figure which excited the mirth of the rest, and which appeared at first to be one man carried upon the back of another; but upon a closer inspection, these two men proved to be but one tall one, who, by the help of a false head fixed upon the middle of his stomach, with corresponding arms and legs, and with appro-

* Both these instances of the Spanish gaiety of character are literally true.

priate dresses for the two bodies, managed completely to give the idea of one man carrying another. The head of the supporting man was masked, but that of the man who was carried was not so, although it was sufficiently disguised to be entirely unknown, by means of a very fine thread by which the point of his nose was looped up, and which passing over his head was fastened to his neck-cloth behind. This and a set of false teeth gave so hideous and unnatural an appearance to his countenance as to render it impossible that he should be recognized.

"Where shall I carry you now, master?" said the lower head in one voice.

"Any where," replied the other head, in another voice, "where you can find me a more superexcellent beauty than any of those who attend upon me here, and in none of whom I behold charms that deserve the smiles of such an Apollo as myself."

"Why I brought you here that you might see the beauties of heaven."

"Then now show me the graces of t'other place."

"You'll not be the first that went there in search of a woman, if Quevedo says true. His Redondillas tell us that—

'To seek his wife—good woman—dead—
To hell poor Orpheus went;
To a worse kingdom could not lead
So foolish an intent.

'He sung—and soon the devils round
All in amazement grew,
Less at the sweetness of the sound,
Than at a wish so new.

'The frowning God offended quite,
With rigour more than common,
T' inflict the greatest ill he might,
Restored to him the woman.

'Yet though he punish'd with such pain
His sin—poor fool to chose her—
Yet gave he to reward his strain
A method to relose her.'"

All the world pressed round this mask to

hear his conversation with himself, and his repetition of Quevedo's Redondillas, and Captain Williams amongst the rest; but Ismena wished rather to avoid the crowd than to get mixed with it; and she therefore retired to some distance and took off her mask. While she was thus comparatively alone, and every body engrossed by one object, a figure dressed as a begging woman came up to her, with the usual salutation of "*Yo te conosco.*"—"*I know you.*"

"You know me, do you—pray who am I?"

"Doña Ismena de Valdez," replied the mask.

"You think so, do you: I will be more candid with you—I do not know you—do I?"

"You have never seen me but once," said the beggar, dropping the fictitious voice which she had assumed; "I gave you advice then, and I will give you more now: you may perhaps remember, it was in the Plazuela de los Descalzos, upon the Noche

Buena. The danger which threatened you then was but averted for a time: it now hangs over you—you have an enemy who seeks your destruction."

Ismena, who had at first been fixed to the earth by her astonishment and terror, was at length overcome by her feelings at the sudden recurrence of all her fears and apprehensions; she fell into a chair, and fainted.

In the confusion occasioned by this circumstance the beggar left the room; and when Ismena was recovered by the assistance of the persons about, she looked for her in vain. She was soon quite restored to herself, and she retired to her home as speedily as possible, at once to avoid the repeated inquiries of all around her, and to be at liberty to indulge in her own thoughts upon the extraordinary occurrence which had so much alarmed her.

CHAP. XVIII.

French Festivities at Seville—A Patriotic Fire—Los Patriotas de la Sierra Morena—Interception of an extraordinary Dispatch—Plan for the Conquest of the Barbary Coast—Spaniards employed by the French—A patriotic Punishment for an unpatriotic Lady.

THERE is a propensity to pleasure so predominant in the character of the Spaniards, and particularly of the women, that even in the midst of the horrors of war, and when bending under the weight of all the evils imposed by rapacious tyranny, the anticipation of a fête will have power to occupy their attention. The officers composing the army under the command of Soult, at Seville, had taken such advantage of this weakness, that they may be said to have danced the Andalusians into chains, and administered their poisons in

the cup of gladness: too many of the fair inhabitants of Seville unblushingly avowed by their conduct their fondness for the monsters who preyed upon them; and there were not wanting examples of men who lived in familiar intercourse with the destroyers of their country and the seducers of their countrywomen. Every opportunity was seized which could afford an excuse for public gaiety or private dissipation; and although the more estimable of those whom circumstances had induced to remain at home, avoided as much as possible these inconsistent and indecent rejoicings, the number of an opposite description was sufficient to give brilliancy and beauty to the continual fêtes which were given by the French.

The arrival of a body of newly created civil officers from Madrid for the government of the province of Andalusia, and at the head of them the Master of the Mint of Seville, afforded an opportunity for the appointment of a public festival for the reception of this minister and his Gallo-Spanish band. Every pre-

paration was made for a pompous display of pageantry. The Archiepiscopal Palace, where the worthy representative of the mock King Joseph and the commander of the armies of France held his Court, was on the following day to be a scene of splendour. Brilliant uniforms and equipages were prepared for the presentation at the levee, and a proclamation enjoined a general illumination of the city. These rejoicings were to be finished by a gay ball, which was to be attended by all the fair inhabitants of Seville, as well those who shrunk from the apparent participation of a gaiety repugnant to their feelings as those who had no feelings but for the sensual gratification of the moment. The attendance of all was secured by two kinds of invitations. The first contained a request beginning, "*You are invited*," and this was sent to those who would have been led to the ball-room by their inclinations: the other was rather a requisition than an invitation, and began, "*You are commanded*." This was sent to such as might have refused

a simple invitation, but who were well aware of the consequences of disobeying a command. Very little discernment was required in the Master of the Ceremonies to distinguish the persons to whom these different sorts of invitation were to be addressed. The ball was to be given in the Casa de Moneda, or Mint.

The new masters crossed the Guadalquivir, and entered Seville in the evening, when the honours that awaited them were announced for the next day. There was a whole night before the arrival of that day, and to many it might never arrive. Patriotism and revenge had determined that to some it should not; and the intervention of a long night afforded the means of putting that determination into execution. With the blindness of security, the strangers repaired to their splendid apartments in the Casa de Moneda, and sought repose from the fatigues of their journey on the luxurious beds which were there prepared for them.

But they were roused from the deep sleep which the guilty can purchase only by excess of fatigue, by the alarm of fire; and scarcely were their faculties awakened to a sense of their danger, when the columns of thick smoke which assailed them almost deprived them of the power of endeavouring to escape. Unacquainted with the situation of the rooms, and with the vast building of which they formed a part, some ran into the danger while attempting to fly from it; and others threw themselves from the windows at the risk of losing their lives or disabling their limbs. The wing of the palace, in which were situated the apartments of the newly-arrived placemen, was discovered to be on fire in three different parts; and in such a manner did the flames increase, that in the course of a few hours that wing was but a shell of stone; but by the timely exertions of the workmen who were employed in the Mint, they were prevented from spreading beyond the wing in which they had commenced. The ball-

room, the splendid apartments, and all the property of the ministers of King Joseph had fallen a sacrifice, nor were there wanting lives to complete the offering which this pyre had been lighted to make to an injured country. The minister himself escaped with no other personal injury than the fright which the sudden alarm had occasioned him. Mixing almost in a state of nakedness amongst the crowd which had collected around the burning house, he eagerly asked, " What fire is this ?" " It is the fire of PATRIOTISM," replied one who was near him. (24)

It was, indeed, the fire of Patriotism !—It was a spark of that fire of patriotism which had been lighted by Frenchmen in Las Casas del Puerto—of that inextinguishable flame which from its houses had been communicated to the hearts of its inhabitants ! It was a brand which Frenchmen had fired that now was employed to consume themselves ! That brand had enflamed the bosoms of Felix Alvarez and his

guerillas, and it was by them that it was now made a weapon of retribution.

Secure in the retreats of the Sierra Morena, Alvarez had inured his men to the fatigues of their new life, and organized them for the destruction of their enemies in every possible way. By the interception of couriers, small parties of officers and soldiers, and by daring attacks upon convoys of provisions and treasure, he had rendered himself feared; and the more, that the French in Andalusia had hitherto remained unmolested by any regular and organized party of guerillas. The Andalusians either had found no chief to form and connect them into a body, or they had been intimidated by the proclamation of the bloody tyrant of the south, which decreed that all persons taken with arms in their hands, fighting for the cause of Ferdinand the Seventh, should be considered as banditti and rebels, and treated accordingly.*

* The proclamation of Marshal Soult here referred to is well known, and will be long remembered.

But in proportion as the success of Felix became known his band increased, and in the course of a short time he found himself at the head of upwards of a hundred men. Placed thus in a situation which enabled him considerably to annoy the enemy, by interrupting the communication between the armies, he hastened to give the stamp of legality to his exertions in the cause, by formally tendering the services of himself and his troop to the chiefs of the Spanish army. This offer was received on the part of the Spanish General with very flattering distinction: the band was nominated a regiment in the service, under the title of Los Patriotas de la Sierra Morena—The Patriots of the Sierra Morena: and the command of it given to Alvarez, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army.

The legalizing of his followers, and the acquisition of honours, made no alteration in the species of warfare which Alvarez unceasingly carried on against the destroyers of his country. Not satisfied with the

success which followed his occasional rencontres with them, he was anxious for an opportunity of increasing the scale of his victories—of extending the circle of mischief for the satisfaction of his feelings of public and private revenge. Leaving Sanchez, for whom he had procured the rank of Captain in the army, with the *Patriotas*, and, accompanied by a few of the band of his own choice, he went to Seville in the disguise of muleteers, for the purpose of discovering some means of spreading the terror of his name wider amongst the ranks of the French army. At Seville he found preparations making for the expedition which was destined against Tarifa; and having obtained sufficient information to enable him to judge where he could be of most service to the cause, in harassing the besieging army, he was about to return, when the news of the expected arrival of the newly appointed servants of Joseph determined him to strike some blow before he left Seville. The setting fire to the Casa de

la Moneda was his plan and his execution ; how he succeeded has already been related.

Lighted on his road by the blazing memento which he left of his visit, he quitted Seville with his disguised followers as soon as he saw that success had crowned his plan. The travellers were six in number, and they made the best of their way through the numerous villages that embosom Seville. The late dawn of a winter's morning began to appear as they were taking some refreshment in a hut a little distance short of the village of El Ronquillo. They were still employed upon their frugal and coarse repast, when they heard the feet of horses, accompanied by the noise produced by the shaking of military accoutrements upon horseback. The master of the hut had not time to open the door before it was assailed by violent knocks. The apprehensions of Alvarez and his companions were soon quieted by hearing the intruders demanding wine or brandy, and accompa-

nying these demands with threats and oaths. By a glance through the door Felix discovered that the party consisted of an unarmed courier, escorted by four dragoons; and it required but a few moments to give his orders for their destruction. With the rapidity of lightning a guerilla was at the head of every horse, and their pistols went off almost at the same moment. "So died the son of the old man at Medellin," said Felix, as he put his pistol to the breast of one of the dragoons, whose horse's bridle he held; "May thy death appease his spirit." The pistol went off as the soldier was in the act of drawing his sabre, and the sabre remained undrawn.

The dragoons made little struggle—resistance was rendered impossible by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the attack. They were all sacrificed. The courier, begging for mercy, delivered his dispatches to Alvarez. He was a Spaniard, and declared that he had been forced from

Seville against his will. Felix allowed him to retire, although he believed but little of his tale.

Felix and his party were not long before they arrived at the haunts of the Patriotas, where they were received with joy by Sanchez and his men. He examined the dispatches which he had intercepted, and found them of so extraordinary a nature that he hastened to forward them to the head-quarters of the Spanish army, with an account of the manner in which they had fallen into his hands. It was a letter from the private Secretary of Marshal Soult to Marshal Marmont, enclosing the duplicate of a letter from the French Consul at Tangiers, the original of which appeared to have been already forwarded, as it was referred to by the Secretary, the concluding part of whose communication was unintelligible to Alvarez and the person who served as his French interpreter, being principally written in cypher. The enclosure from the Consul at Tangiers was

a new proof of the unbounded ambition of the tyrant of Europe: it was as follows. (25)

"General:—Since your Excellency made me acquainted with the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor and King, to undertake the conquest of the coast of Barbary, for the purpose of delivering the Mediterranean from the pirates by whom it is infested, and for the other ends proposed by his Imperial Majesty, I have been unceasingly employed in procuring every information that could be of service for this interesting plan. In my last, which was despatched by the Corsair de Chapud, I gave you a general idea of the empire of Morocco, of the ministers, favourites, &c. which may assist much towards producing a happy result in the speedy conquest of this country, provided a proper turn be given to the public spirit of the inhabitants, to prevent their opposition; but to effect this is the difficulty, as there is no other means of directing it than the press, which would produce no effect amongst this bar-

barous people. I likewise remarked how necessary it would be, that some French engineers should be sent here, upon false or disguised pretexts, that they might examine the best points for disembarkation, and draw exact plans of the ports and points of defence. This arrangement would be requisite, as my information on this head is very limited; nevertheless I transmit to your Excellency the plan of Tangiers, and of this coast as far as Arzilla, acccording to the observations which my little ability has enabled me to make, together with some other hints which may conduce to a point of so much consideration.

"From this plan your Excellency will be able to discover how dangerous would be the attempt to disembark upon the beach of the bay of Tangiers (No. 5), as the batteries of Las Higueras (No. 4), those of La Alcazaba (No. 1), and those of the Castle of Old Tangiers (No. 3), by crossing their fires would do a great deal of harm, and might defeat the intention; the battery

of the point Menar (No. 2) would also be very troublesome, as well as that of the Mole.

"From these observations it appears, that it would be by no means desirable that this undertaking be conducted through the Straits, both for the above difficulties, and because Tangiers, being in sight of Tarifa and Gibraltar, our enemies might easily frustrate the plan. But there is another point which is convenient and easy of access; and which presents no obstacle to a disembarkation. Beyond Cape Spartel, on the coast towards Arcilla, there is a capacious beach, and upon it the chapel of Sidi Casen (No. 8): this spot without defence, or obstacle, would facilitate the plan: the troops disembarked there might march upon Tangiers, with their field artillery, the passage of which the roads and face of the country will allow: this city attacked by land would make little or no resistance, and once taken would serve as a centre, from which to march upon, Tetuan, Ceuta, &c.

"One of the most efficacious modes of conquering this country would be to introduce dissension amongst the provinces; upon this point they afford already a flattering prospect. I conceive the province of Elxeyena to be ready to co-operate in favour of our designs. His Majesty the Emperor and King was acquainted in Egypt with Muley Selima, a prince who is much attached to his Imperial Majesty, and to our nation. The inhabitants of Elxeyena supported Selima, against Soliman; and although they were at last enslaved by this Emperor, yet they keep up their resentment, and consequently we may calculate upon the co-operation of these subjects, if by means of confidential agents they are properly prepared; particularly if the prince should be made to enter into this plan, which it will not be difficult to do by tempting promises.

"The province of Aytemor, with all the mountains of Muley Dris, or the neighbourhood of Mesquinez, likewise offer good

hopes that they will rise against their present govern in favour of our party: the inhabitant ecretly bear the greatest resentment again the conduct of their Emperor, who always retains certain hostages of this province, which are only set at liberty by one door to return to their country, when others who are sent to relieve them enter their prison by another.

"The Sheloxes, or Arabs of the mountains of Fez, as far as Tufilete, and those of the Riff, cannot do otherwise than come over to any party against the Moorish government, as they are always discontented with it, and are only anxious for an occasion to revenge themselves.

"The Arabs of the Bey of Máscara are always desirous of throwing off the yoke of their tyrant and of Algiers. By contriving that the parties formed there should combine their operations with the Arabs of the Emperor of Morocco, with the province of Alcalaya, and others near those frontiers, a great effervescence might be expected in

favour of such an important undertaking; the success of which could not but change the face of the whole commerce of the Mediterranean, greatly against the English, particularly by establishing an understanding with the Marabuto Sid Abdelcader, who is at present in the states of the Bey of Máscara, and always ready to act against Muley Soliman, instigated both by ambition, and by the resentment which he feels against that sovereign.

"With the assistance of good agents, and of plans drawn up by skilful engineers, [illegible] would offer but few obstacles to the troops of his Majesty the Emperor and King, in conquering in a short time the whole of this country, or at least the principal part of it. Cadiz once taken, as well as Tarifa, and two expeditions formed there to disembark on the beach of Sidy Casen, nothing else remains to be overcome but the vigilance of the English; the troops landed, the conquest of Tangiers and other parts would be easily

accomplished before the Moors had time to unite in sufficient numbers to make resistance; they might molest, but could not stop the progress of warlike troops.

"The whole of the result of this project depends upon the activity of the agents sent to this country, to introduce into the provinces a spirit of disaffection against the Emperor Muley Soliman; the dispositions of some of the provinces are, as I have already stated, of the most favourable nature; and by despatching these agents, and avoiding the squadrons of the enemy, the undertaking presents but few difficulties, and the result incalculable advantages.

"The boat of Bentalb (which I mentioned in my last) is now ready in Tetuan; and it appears that it will sail for Marseilles with different merchandise. M. Villait and his family will go in this vessel, as I informed you in my last letter.

"I am, &c.

"D'ORNANO."

"Tangiers,
"2d Dec. 1811."

Having despatched this extraordinary document, Alvarez turned his attention to the best mode of harassing the enemy, who were marching considerable forces for the purpose of possessing themselves of Tarifa, which was defended by a garrison of Spanish and English troops; the former commanded by General Don Fransisco de Copons, the latter by Colonel Skerrett. He determined to place himself upon their route, with the intention of interrupting as much as possible the communication of their supplies, the conveyance of which the rainy season of the year, and the marshy ground which lies between Medina Sidonea and Tarifa, rendered exceedingly difficult. He appointed as a place of rendezvous and kind of head quarters of the band, an ermita, or little solitary chapel, called El Cuervo, situated on the side of one of those vast hills which terminate the Trocha. Having given his orders, the Patriotas separated for the purpose of arriving more secretly and uninterruptedly at the ap-

pointed spot; and Felix, who had grown bold by his success, and the fame of his band, proceeded with a few only of his companions, by the skirts of the more frequented routes, which led through the villages in the environs of Seville, Utrera, and even Xeres and Arcos. In those which he found unawed by the presence of the invaders, he received such assistance in supplies and in information as he required; and in those where there were small parties of the enemy, he rarely omitted leaving a remembrance of his visit, by the distruction of some part of the detachment whenever he found them assailable.

Amongst the inhabitants who continued in the different towns occupied by the French, there were found many who not only adhered to the cause of the mock King, but who accepted and performed the functions of civil offices under his government. The excuse of such of these as afterwards thought it necessary to excuse their conduct was, that, being acquainted

with the existing laws and customs of their fellow citizens, and partaking of the evils resulting from the intrusion of new ones, they were more likely to reconcile the old with the new state of things, and to render the burthen less intolerable than a stranger and a foreigner, not to say a *Frenchman.* A rich and respectable inhabitant of Xeres was of this number; he exercised one of the highest civil offices in Xeres, under the French. His wife, though not possessed of personal beauty, from her situation as head of the society in the town, was courted, flattered, and attended by all the French officers of the garrison. A beautiful and premature spring day, although in the bad season of the year, had tempted Doña Juana, to propose a ride into the country, which proposal was agreed to by three French officers, who accompanied her. The day continued fine, the conversation was pleasing; the Señora, flattered by all that was said to her, thought not of returning, and the ride was lengthened much beyond

the distance from the town, at which prudence would have told them to stop, for unescorted parties of French, or *afrancesados*, as the Spanish advocates of the French cause were called, were often attacked and massacred by a crowd of peasants, if they ventured too far from their head quarters.

Nothing occurred to excite the idea of danger in the minds of this party, until they met a dragoon at full speed coming towards them; they stopped him, and inquired the cause of his alarm. This man was one of a piquet of four men, which was stationed in a neighbouring village to enforce the performance of a requisition for provisions, which had been sent there. The provisions were ready and loaded on the mules; but they were prevented from commencing their journey by the arrival of Alvarez and his patriotas, guided by the information of one of the villagers. Three of the piquet were sacrificed; the fourth escaped by flight, but was closely followed by some of

Felix's men. During the time which the dragoon took to tell his story to Doña Juana and the officers, the pursuers appeared in view, and at the sight the dragoon again set forth, accompanied by the three officers and the lady, all of whom applied every weapon of excitement to the animals which bore them. But fear suspended the powers of the lady, and fatigue those of her horse; she was left behind by her flatterers, and overtaken by the guerillas. In their hands her life was safe; but unhappily for her, one of them was a townsman of Xeres, to whom she was well known. Upon recognizing her he told his companions, in a few words, her name, rank, connexion with the French, and the public employment of her husband. This was too flagrant an instance of desertion from the patriotic cause to pass unpunished; yet the sex of the criminal forbade the summary execution of the punishment which the crime merited. In this difficulty one of them suggested an expedient, which they

instantly proceeded to put into execution: having made the unhappy lady dismount, they tied her horse to a tree, and some of them proceeded to tie her to the trunk of another, with her face to the tree, round which her arms were bound: a number of pieces of sharp prickly furze were then tied together in a bundle, with which one of the guerillas without ceremony inflicted such chastisement upon the raging and blushing Señora as is not unfrequently administered by a severe pedant to his idle or wicked scholars. Having continued this operation until they had rendered it highly inconvenient, if not impossible for the lady to make use of her horse, accompanying their more impressive arguments with a great variety of patriotic admonitions; they released her from the tree, and politely offered to assist her to remount, which assistance she was however under the necessity of refusing, and taking her horse's bridle, she turned her steps towards Xeres, whilst the laughing patriotas galloped off in an opposite direction. (26)

CHAP. XIX.

Siege of Tarifa.—Fate of some of the Fugitives from it.—Juramentados.—Manner of swearing them.—French Requisition for a Dinner.—Requisition for a Ball.—An English Prisoner rescued.—The Siege of Tarifa raised.

THE exertions of Felix with his patriotas was of considerable importance in annoying the army which was before Tarifa, in cutting off the stragglers from it, in attacking the convoys of provisions and ammunition, and particularly in obliging the enemy to establish a vast number of pickets and videttes at every point which approached their encampment. No obstacle had any effect in diminishing the ardour of his zeal, the inclemency of the weather, the occcasional diminution of his force, or the ill success of a particular enterprise, were only

new incitements to increased exertions. He was of service to the cause; but there was a stronger hand that fought for it, and one to which is always the victory. The continual rain which swelled the lake of La Janda, until it covered a vast tract of country, and rendered impassable the marshy country through which the route of the French lay, was an insurmountable barrier to the success of their undertaking. Nothing but the determined military perseverance of the French could have carried a battering train through such a country; and though they opened their batteries upon the mouldering walls of Tarifa with high hope and exulting confidence, it required more than their military perseverance and courage under privations, to enable them to support the wretched situation to which they were exposed from the weather, the irregularity of their supplies, and the harassing duty which they were called upon to perform.

Neither the garrison of Tarifa, nor its

inhabitants could find a foundation for hope in the crumbling and unarmed walls of the town. The proclamation of the Spanish General upon his arrival there bespoke how little could be expected from such defences, yet how determined he was to defend them to the last. It says—

"Inhabitants of Tarifa—The enemy is approaching this place with numerous forces, with the intention of taking it. When they began their movement I was in the lines of Gibraltar, with the commandant of that camp, Don Francisco Ballesteros; and with his consent returned with my troops to the allies to assist in your defence. The Supreme Government have charged me with this; and I could not do justice to that confidence, nor to my Spanish sentiments, if I did not defend your town to the greatest possible extremity. If fate should be more propitious to the enemy than to me, I hope that in entering this place they will only find the ruins of its buildings, and not have an inch of ground

upon which they can conveniently establish themselves. My heart dictates according to what it feels, and therefore I desire you should not experience the dangers with which you are threatened. Go with your property to Algesiras, Gibraltar, or Ceuta, because your remaining in this place will be attended with much pain to me, as my duty will compel me to pay no attention to your privations and sufferings."

In obedience to this proclamation, and in the anticipation of all the horrors which threatened a town taken by assault and given up to pillage by ten thousand tigers, who marked them for their prey, a great portion of the inhabitants sought safety by flight. The richer of these repaired to Cadiz; others fled to Ceuta, to Algesiras—some to Gibraltar, and some of the most wretched retired for a time to the miserable fishing hamlet situated at the opening of the Mediterranean, at the base of the perpendicular side of the rock of Gibraltar. But a most melancholy fate

attended the greater number of these: a little squadron of half a dozen fishing-boats, crowded with these unhappy fugitives, anchored a little to the south of the collection of huts, and immediately under the rock. The hamlet was too small to receive them, and they remained for a short time in their boats undecided what course to pursue. Their indecision was their destruction; their fate was decided for them: an enormous mass of the rock, which had been disjoined from the vast mountain, fell from its scarcely suspended situation, and overwhelmed them: but few escaped this dreadful death. (27)

The few inhabitants who remained at Tarifa suffered the dangers and difficulties which surrounded them with an exemplary patience; the soldiers did their duty with undaunted courage. The French persevered through all the obstacles which opposed them, and proceeded to batter the town, and to attack it with every engine of destruction; their perseverance was only

equalled by that with which Felix continued his arduous and fatiguing, though successful exertions in favour of the cause —openly, and in ambush; by stratagem, and by force, he was ever on the alert, and neglected no possible means of annoying the enemy. With the army of the besiegers there was a division of King Joseph's (28) own army, composed of Spaniards who were said to have entered voluntarily into the service, and taken the oath of allegiance to him as king; they were thence called *juramentados*, or sworn men, by the Spaniards, and held in even greater detestation and abhorrence than the French themselves. The manner of filling their ranks was by force, but their numbers were diminished in equal proportion by desertion, whilst those who really remained true to the oath they had taken, seemed to have been inoculated by it with all the barbarous passions and propensities of the men in concert with whom they acted.

Felix was informed by one of his spies that a number of recruits to this division were upon their march to join it, escorted by a strong detachment of French dragoons. Alvarez was not in sufficient force to attack this party openly; but he nevertheless determined that they should not pass without molestation. Vejer de la Frontera was the place appointed for the administering the oath to these men. Vejer had become, from its situation, the depôt and central point of the army before Tarifa, and there was a number of new *empleados publicos*, or public functionaries appointed in the place, to whom the oath was likewise to be adminstered, as well as to the citizens at large. Thither Felix therefore repaired in disguise, accompanied only by two of his companions.

To Alvarez, Vejer de la Frontera was not unknown: it will be remembered that he visited it previous to the battle of Barrosa; and upon now reascending the steep and winding path which led to it, he

experienced sensations to which his heart had long been a stranger. His mind recurred to the difference of his situation, to the difference of his feelings at that time when compared with the present, and to the circumstances which had since taken place: he remembered that it was the birth-place of Ismena Valdez; and the recollections which the recurrence of her name excited, afforded him the more pleasure as it had been long estranged from his mind; or if it had occurred, it was only as a passing thought, not one on which he allowed his mind to dwell. His whole soul had been wrapt up in the new employment of his life, and his ideas all sprung from the active occupation of his time in the great cause in which he had so deep an interest. He now, however, allowed his memory to recall the image suggested by his visit to Vejer; he dwelt with peculiar delight upon the recollection of the time he had passed with Ismena, and upon the affection it had implanted in his heart, which,

he now felt sensible, had never expired, although it might have slept.

Alvarez was at Vejer in time to see the recruits arrive. There were about fifty of them marching in a single file, and tied to each other by a strong cord which was fastened to their right arms, and extended along the whole line. They were escorted by nearly double their number of dragoons, who spread themselves along the whole string, and not unfrequently urged them on by striking them with the flat of their swords.

"These men are prisoners, not recruits," thought Felix, "they require to be delivered, not to be destroyed:" but it was too late to alter his plan; they were now armed; and if they could be rescued at all, it must be by stratagem, not by open force. Alvarez was present at the ceremony of administering the oath, if that could be called the administration of an oath which was done without the will, or even the knowledge of the persons to whom it was administered. The new

juramentados were drawn out in a line, and what purported to be an oath of allegiance to King Joseph and his constitution was read in the front; but in such a manner as to render it impossible that the greater part of the jurors could hear it: at the close of this they all lifted up their right hands towards Heaven, by word of command, and the ceremony was finished. To the *empleados publicos* the oath was administered individually, or in groups; but the manner of administering it to the people at large was at once ridiculous and profane. Mass was said in the great church, and all the citizens, without exception, were desired by proclamation to attend. After the ceremony, the oath was read to the congregation *en masse;* and the only evidence of compliance which was required, was the presence of the person sworn during the reading of the oath. The attendance of the people at the church was enforced, and they went to avoid the consequence of a refusal; but few considered

such an oath as obligatory, and many even laughed at the ceremony while performing.

On the day following this mock ceremony, a French General of brigade arrived at Vejer, on his way to join the army. His baggage had gone on to his brigade, but his *maitre d'hotel* travelled with him, and by this person the alcalde of the town was furnished with a requisition for the General's dinner, given by his authority, and the execution of which was enforced by his soldiers. This requisition did not specify, as might be expected, so many rations of meat, of bread, and of wine, but it was a bill of fare, requiring all the delicacies of the season, forming different dishes, and stating the situations in which they were to be placed upon the table, and the number of covers to be laid. (29) It was in vain that the alcalde protested against the irregularity of such a requisition, or his inability to comply with it; as soon as he had clearly made out the impossibility of procuring one dish, another

less impossible was substituted; and nothing could make an alteration in the number or quantity of the dishes. The poor alcalde, in despair, made the best arrangement he could, and tremblingly waited upon the General to report his compliance, from whom he was unexpectedly honoured with an invitation to partake of his own dinner, which, if he had dared, he would most readily have refused, anticipating the remarks that might be produced by his having failed to procure several of the delicacies required, and having substituted less luxurious morsels in lieu of them.

But the unhappy alcalde's troubles were not yet at an end; for he was struck dumb during the repast by a requisition of a more extraordinary nature—a requisition for a ball! He was formally desired by the General to collect together the respectable inhabitants of the town, particularly the women, that they might dance! The alcalde used all his eloquence to dissuade the officers from persisting in so extravagant

a proposal: it was in vain; and finding them deaf to his arguments and entreaties, he boldly declared that it was beyond the limits of his authority.

This declaration availed him still less than his eloquence, for he was immediately invested with new power by the command of the General, and an officer and some soldiers were deputed to accompany him from house to house with a *polite invitation* to a ball to be given that evening in honour of the arrival of Monsieur le General. The distracted magistrate gave himself up to his fate, and did even as they bade him; and the result was, that a number of the principal ladies in the town were collected together in the municipalidad, or town-hall, whither the French officers repaired to meet them. The officer who had accompanied the alcalde in the delivery of his *invitations* talked much of the beauty of one lady who had expressed a strong determination not to attend, but whom he had assured that she had better reconsider it.

She did not make her appearance. The music struck up—the dancing commenced—yet still she was absent. Guided by the officer who had first seen her, a party of others went to her house, and found her employed in prayer. Neither her supplications nor the occupation from which they disturbed her had any effect upon these flinty-hearted tyrants: they took her by force from her room, and obliged her to accompany them to the ball-room, where she was still followed by their persecutions, and made to dance the whole evening.

When Alvarez heard of this circumstance, he burned with rage at such insulting conduct, and felt most bitterly his inability to prevent it or punish the offenders. None of his endeavours to rescue the juramentados, or to annihilate them if they were indeed voluntary recruits, had met with success: he had been able to devise no plan that appeared at all feasible: most of the men were marched off to their division before Tarifa, accompanied by a considera-

ble French force. But although defeated in the principal object of his visit to Vejer, he was not idle while remaining there: he obtained several recruits to his band of patriotas, and the period of his leaving it was marked by a brilliant act of humanity and courage.

An English officer had been taken by the French on a sortie from Tarifa. This officer had determined to suffer all the rigour of his fate, rather than lose the hope of an early escape, which he thought probable; he therefore refused to give his parole, and was brought to Vejer a close prisoner. Felix had seen him brought into the town; and, following with the crowd, had ascertained the place of his confinement. It was an old ruined church, part of which had been converted by the French into a stable, and part into a prison. This officer was shut up in the sacristia, which was a small room built out of the body of the church, having a door leading into the church, and a window looking out into a corrall or

court-yard originally walled in, but the walls of which were nearly demolished by time, and consequently the court had become public. The door in the inside was well guarded; but as the aperture, which had formerly been a window, the bars of which were now destroyed, was sufficiently large to admit a man, and was at no great height from the ground, a sentinel was placed in the court-yard to prevent the escape of the prisoner by that means. But the weather was inclement, and the court-yard afforded no shelter for the sentinel except an ancient corridor which was built along the wall, immediately opposite the window, though at some distance from it; here, therefore, the sentinel took his station. Alvarez observed minutely all these circumstances, and determined to attempt the deliverance of this officer. It was enough for him that he was a fellow-creature, and in the hands of his enemies; but to these claims the prisoner added that of being an Englishman, and of having lost his liberty

fighting in the cause of Spain. He was prepossessed in favour of the English from a feeling of gratitude, individual as well as national; and he had formed many acquaintances in the British army during the expedition in which he had served with it, a circumstance that he considered as calling for his utmost exertions in behalf of any of its officers whom he found wanting them. After much consideration, he judged that it was only by lulling the vigilance of the sentinel stationed in the corridor that he could succeed in his bold attempt, and he immediately fixed on a plan to effect this. It has already been stated that it was the rainy season; but though in that country the rain falls in torrents when it once sets in, there are not unfrequently cessations of some hours, during which the sun appears with all his splendour. Alvarez and his companions took advantage of one of these moments towards the evening, to repair to the outside of the ruined church; and one of them played on the guitar, whilst the

three joined in singing to his accompaniment, in the manner of the Andalusian peasants, with which their dress perfectly accorded. Their music attracted a number of the unemployed soldiers of the guard over the prison, who came to listen to the peasants who were thus amusing themselves. It was not long before the return of the rain would have dispersed both listeners and singers, had they not thought of the expedient of seeking shelter under the corridor of the court-yard, where they might continue their amusement. The evening closed in, and the Spanish peasants had made themselves so agreeable to their French auditors, that they asked them to return on the following evening, which Alvarez and his friends promised to do.

So far every thing had succeeded beyond his hopes; and with the natural enthusiasm of his disposition, he doubted not of ultimate complete success. On the following evening, the two companions of Felix went to their appointment alone, taking with them

their guitar: the absence of Alvarez was hardly noticed, and they amused and attracted the attention of their auditors as they had done the evening before. As the twilight decreased Felix joined the group as a listener only, and watching his opportunity when the soldiers were all engaged, he separated himself from the crowd, and flung into the window of the sacristia a paper on which he had written the following words in Spanish, and afterwards in the best English he was master of, lest the prisoner should be ignorant of the Spanish language: "If you are willing to risk your life to gain your liberty, be prepared to dress yourself speedily in the clothes which will be given to you to-morrow at this hour, and lose no time in getting through your window; you will be received by friends." Having done this without being perceived, he retired, and was soon followed by his friends, who had made a promise to return again on the morrow.

It was an anxious moment for Felix

when the guerillas repaired to their usual place of rendezvous, and resumed their noisy occupation. The night was particularly cloudy and wet; and had not the French been acquainted with the fondness of the Spaniards for their national music, their appearance there might have excited suspicion; but it did not, and nothing unusual occurred, except that fewer soldiers were tempted out of the guard-room than there had been on the preceding evenings. When it began to grow dusk, Alvarez made up a complete suit of peasant's clothes into as small a bundle as possible, and taking it up under his cloak he proceeded to the ruined church. With a glance he reconnoitred the situation of his comrades, and finding nothing to excite his alarm, he entered the corrall, and dexterously flung his bundle into the window as he passed it; he then approached the singing group, lest his remaining alone should appear suspicious, if by chance he were observed. Having joined the party in the corridor, his anxiety

prevented him from attending to any thing that was passing immediately around him; he placed himself in a situation from which he could look at the window of the sacristia, and he strained his eyes to be able to distinguish it clearly, which he was nearly prevented from doing by the increasing night and the intervening rain. A considerable time passed, and there was no appearance of any person at the window: at length his anxiety became insupportable; what could prevent the prisoner from immediately availing himself of the opportunity to escape? Perhaps he was not confined there!—perhaps he had no means of ascending to the window.

Whatever was the cause of the delay, the suspense was not to be borne, and the night was now so much closed that he could only distinguish the square of the ruined window. He separated himself from the group as if going, and went to the other side of the corrall. He listened attentively, and could hear nothing but the

falling of the rain mingled with the tones of the guitar and the voices which accompanied it. The ascent to the window from the outside was rendered easy by the fallen stones and fragments which surrounded it. While he was contemplating the window, undecided how to act, he heard the approach of the guard coming to relieve the centinel under the corridor. It was at this relief that the station of the centinel was changed from the corridor to the immediate outside of the window, a precaution which the darkness rendered necessary. Felix had observed this, and was aware that there was no time to lose. Unwilling to remain in doubt as to the cause of the disregard of his plan, he rapidly mounted the stones and looked into the window; "Englishman!" said Alvarez, in a low tone of voice. "For God's sake assist me," said the prisoner, "I am unable to ascend." The unhappy man had found no means by which he could reach the window, which, though not high, was just above the extent of his

arm. By repeated endeavours he had succeeded in placing his hand upon the ruined frame-work of the opening; and exhausted by his exertions he had remained hanging by that hand, unwilling still to lose the hope of liberty, though unable to advance. In an instant Alvarez perceived his situation, and seizing the supporting hand, inspired by his feelings and the critical situation of the moment, with a strength which nothing could withstand, he dragged the despairing prisoner through the window, and placed him on his feet on the stone which supported himself. But the guard had reached the corridor, and was approaching to place the centinel upon the spot on which they stood. The even tread of their march was heard through the rain, and nothing else, for the music had ceased upon the arrival of the guard. It required all the presence of mind which Felix so eminently possessed, and which he had had occasion so frequently to exert, to devise an expedient in such press-

ing danger. With a caution incompatible with the rapidity with which they would have moved, they descended from their high situation, trembling lest the falling of any of the uneven stones on which they trod should discover them. To have run away would have excited pursuit, and they would probably have been taken; but Felix led his companion round the angle of the building into the corner formed by the projection of the sacristia from the church. Here they remained crouching down and in anxious silence until the guard approached and the sentry was posted: they heard the serjeant give his consign to the soldier, and they heard the others march away. It was still necessary to ascertain the proximity of the centinel, lest their sudden departure should attract his notice. The man began his promenade, and unfortunately he came first towards the side where they were concealed; but he passed the corner without observing them, and no sooner had he

turned than, with cautious step, and hardly daring to breathe, they made their way out of the court-yard. (30)

As soon as they had turned the street, the rescued prisoner endeavoured to express his gratitude to his benefactor. "Who are you? How can I ever make a return for such a service?" "I am a Spaniard," replied Felix; "that ought to be enough to account for what I have done; but I am one whose only object in life is the benefit of my country and the destruction of her oppressors. You are an Englishman—an ally—and have fought for the cause. In fighting for Spain you fell into the power of her enemies: it was the duty of every Spaniard to deliver you from them. I did my duty, and would have died in the attempt."

The Englishman was unable to express his feelings; after some time he was silent. Felix sought out his companions, who were uneasy at not finding him upon returning to their place of abode. Together the

whole party descended the hill, and commenced their journey to join the band. On the road Felix explained to the English officer the manner in which he had effected his escape, told him who he was, and promised to give him a party of his guerillas to guide him to the Spanish camp under Ballesteros, at Gibraltar. He made anxious inquiries after all his friends in the British army, and was not a little disappointed at finding that Captain Blackwell, his preserved companion, was not acquainted with Ismena Valdez, nor had even met her in society. He was delighted to find that his fame had reached the garrison of Tarifa, where his exertions in aid of it were talked of with enthusiastic approbation. Having joined the Patriotas, he set Captain Blackwell forth on his journey, making him a present of a horse, and charging him with kind greetings to all his English friends.

Not long after this circumstance, a happier duty devolved upon Felix than any he had yet performed—the harassing of a de-

feated and disheartened enemy upon his retreat. The French guns had done their duty—they had made an open and enormous breach in the walls of Tarifa; the French troops had obeyed their orders, and marched to attack it; but they found it defended by Britons and Spaniards, who did *their* duty—it was a glorious duty, and they performed it gloriously. The French were repulsed with loss and with shame: neither their courage nor their spirits would support them under such a defeat. Spiking or burying their cannon, (31) they abandoned their works, and the Governor of Tarifa had the happiness of publishing the following proclamation:

" The day is arrived when your hearts may respire: ten thousand combatants of the enemy, who were before this place, have abandoned with disgrace the attempt to take it, after seventeen days' siege, and seven with an open breach, from which they were repulsed in their assault. Neither the valour of the troops who defended the

place nor my efforts would have sufficed to obtain this triumph over the enemy, which has been gained by their retreat, leaving in their batteries, four cannon sixteen pounders, three twelve pounders, two nine-inch howitzers, the greater part of their park, and a considerable number of prisoners, in our power, if the powerful hand of the Supreme Being had not assisted me.

"Return to your houses—take rest after your fatigues; and to-morrow repair to the church, where Te Deum shall be sung in Thanksgiving.

"FRANCISCO DE COPON

"Tarifa, Jan. 5, 1812."

NOTES.

Note (1), p. 6.

THE calezas in Spain resemble more the cabriolets in France, than the gigs in England, although they partake of the nature of both. They are made to contain two persons, and are provided with a head which ascends or descends at pleasure. The driver sits on the near shaft of the caleza, with his feet hanging down in such a manner as to frighten an inexperienced traveller, lest they should be grazed by the wheel. He guides the horse more by his voice than either his reins or whip.

Note (2), p. 13.

Besides the custom of adding the diminutive termination to the names of ladies mentioned in Note (2), vol. i. many names are entirely altered in the diminutive, in a manner even more striking than in English. Josefa is called *Pepa*, to which

the diminutive terminations are again added, making *Pepita*, *Pepilla*, &c. &c. Josef, the masculine, is altered into *Pepe*, in the same way; Fransisca, is made into *Frasquita*, and also *Paca*; and Fransisco in the same manner into *Frasquito* and *Paco*. Maria de la Concepcion is called *Concepcioncita* and *Conchita*; Micaela makes *Chilina*; and there are a great number of others which equally vary from the name itself.

Note (3), p. 35.

"*Salud y Pesetas*," is one of those quaint expressions with which the conversation of the class of people which is here described so frequently abounds; literally translated it is "*health and shillings*." In talking with these people, although what they say may be trifling and uninteresting in itself, it generally promotes hilarity and good humour, from the agreeable turn which they give it by means of the introductions of popular phrases, which are not unfrequently applied with a good deal of wit. The multiplicity of these sayings prevents the use of them from being attended with any difficulty. The dictionary compiled by the Spanish Academy gives explanations of a great variety

of these phrases, which renders it one of the most amusing books in the language; in referring to it, it is almost impossible to close it, after obtaining the information sought for; the attention is sure to be attracted with the quaintness or the wit of some of these sayings, which are to be met with in almost every page. In the conversations which follow the meeting of Alvarez with Pedro Romero, an attempt is made to illustrate the manner in which they are applied by the common people; but it can hardly be perfectly understood by those who are unacquainted with the language, as it is scarcely possible to translate the most of these *rinfranes*, as they are called, into any other language.

Note (4), p. 41.

The story here told is one which is related as having actually happened to a young lady of Seville, afterwards married to the gentleman who was her partner in the adventure. It is generally known and confidently spoken of as truth. Delicacy however required a slight alteration in the *denouement* of the story, as the medicine actually prepared for the monk, and administered instead to the lover, was of a different

nature from that here described, and was taken in the manner in which medicine is most frequently given in Spain, by means of a syringe. The reader will perceive the necessity of the alteration.

Note (5), p. 42.

Images of saints are more frequently placed in the streets in Seville than in any other parts of Spain. They generally occupy niches in the houses, and the cases which contain them are lighted up at night. They are never passed without a reverend bow, and a prayer accompanied by the sign of the cross; and the more devout people occupy a great portion of their time in praying before them.

Note (6), p. 45.

The custom of sleeping after dinner is I believe common to all warm climates. In the south of Spain, the *Siesta* is universal. The general dinner hour is from two to three, and the two hours from four to six are devoted to sleep. Those who do not sleep, nevertheless throw themselves upon their beds, and employ themselves in reading, &c. &c. The consequence is

that the streets are generally silent and deserted, and the siesta time thus becomes the most appropriate hour for carrying on the intrigues in which the inhabitants of that part of the country particularly are so continually engaged.

Note (7), p. 52.

The cathedral of Seville is one of the finest buildings in Spain. The tower built on one side of it, is higher than the steeple of St. Paul's; and the *giralda*, or weathercock, in the form of an armed female figure, is colossal, and of enormous weight, being made of brass; yet is so poised as to turn easily with the wind.

Note (8), p. 77.

The Spanish peasants wear a leathern girdle under their clothes, in which they carry their money whenever they travel; besides this they all wear a red sash about their waists over their clothes, which is sufficiently long to go three, four, and even five times round them, the external end of which is formed into a kind of purse, where they deposit the money they require for the expenses of their journey. The

money being confined to the end of the sash by a ring, it is tucked into the other folds.

Note (9), p. 81.

The Alcazar, or royal palace at Seville, is a very beautiful building; amongst other things it is celebrated for its garden, which, however, is more remarkable for the fountains and water works with which it is decorated, than for the beauty of its arrangement. There are a variety of *jettes d'eau;* but the most singular and beautiful effect is produced by a great number of pipes, which are laid on both sides of the whole of the walks, of a particular compartment of the garden, of considerable size, with apertures at the distance of from three to four feet asunder. Upon allowing the water to run from the grand reservoir into these pipes, it is ejected from each of the apertures, and rising to the height of seven or eight feet, falls in drops upon the walk, crossing the stream ascending from the corresponding aperture on the other side. The walks are all paved with red square bricks, a little raised in the centre, by which means the water is reconveyed into the pipes, which are hid under rows of box and borders of flowers. There is a com-

partment in the royal gardens at Aranjuez, which is similarly arranged, and which was formerly a fashionable promenade, during the residence of the royal family at the palace. Upon these occasions the present King of Spain, when a boy, used to amuse himself by turning the single cock by which all these pipes were filled, and was delighted to see the confusion excited in the promenaders upon being overtaken by this unexpected shower bath, from which there was no escape without running the gauntlet of the whole garden.

Note (10), p. 83.

In the theatres in Spain, one of the national dances is always introduced between the play and the farce, and is too attractive a part of the performance ever to be omitted. The multiplicity of these dances affords a sufficient variety in the choice, to prevent the too frequent repetition of the same. Previous to the rising of the curtain, the dancers announce their preparation by playing on their castagnets, the sound of which has an instantaneous effect upon the audience, who witness this part of their evening's amusement with enthusiastic delight.

Note (11), p. 98.

The description of Medellin here given is but too correct. The battle which marked upon the page of history the name of this town destroyed its actual, in creating its historical existence. It no longer holds the rank as a town which it did previous to this event.

Note (12), p. 102.

The conversation with respect to the shaving here recited, took place as nearly verbatim as my memory can recall it. The poor peasant had no idea, that it was possible to make himself independent of the contracting barber by shaving himself.

Note (13), p. 107.

The afflicting story here related is perfectly true, and was told me by the father of the three young men himself, in conducting me over the field of the battle of Medellin.

Note (14) p. 114.

It will hardly be believed that for the truth of the circumstance here related, I have the au-

thority of the author of the requisition himself. He was a captain of light dragoons in the French army, a Belgian by birth, who after the capitulation of Paris in 1814, retired to his own country and entered into its service, where he held the rank of captain of hussars. When the British army was in Belgium, previous to the battle of Waterloo, I remained some time in the town where his regiment was quartered, and chance brought me repeatedly into the society of its officers. He was not a little proud of his fluency in the Spanish language; and used to make a display of his knowledge of it, and of his information on Spanish subjects, understanding that I had resided some time in Spain. Delicacy for his feelings induced me to avoid hinting at the horrors which I had seen on the route of the French army through that country; but he himself introduced the subject. He related to me the circumstance which I have here recited, as a frolic, that he and his two brother officers had practised to relieve themselves from the ennui of their situations, when occupying a post of communication; and the requisition is written in the jocose ironical style in which he himself repeated it to me. I have made no alteration whatever in his story, except

that of placing the scene of it in Estremadura instead of Aragon, where, according to him, it really happened. Should this circumstance be considered too atrocious to be true, I have only to say, that the man who could boast of such an action, would have very little scruple in committing it, were he in a situation where an opportunity should offer itself. But I am convinced that the truth of it will not be doubted by any person who was engaged in the peninsular campaigns, and who must consequently have become familiarized with scenes of cruelty performed by the French armies, equal in horror to this.

Note (15), p. 124.

The destruction of the village of Las Casas del Puerto, in the valley of Almaraz, took place in the manner, but not at the time here related. It happened immediately previous to the battle of Talavera, in July, 1809.

Note (16), p. 125.

When a division of the French army took up the ground for a bivouac, their usual manner of proceeding was to procure all the articles of

furniture they required from the nearest village or houses, which were very speedily employed to keep up their fires, whenever all the doors, windows, and portable beams of the nearest houses were consumed, unless they could readily procure an abundant stock of wood upon the ground. The destruction of outhouses, &c. is sometimes unavoidably necessary for this purpose, in cases where there are no standing trees, or other means of obtaining fire-wood within a reasonable distance from the ground of encampment. During the retreat from Burgos, the British army have sometimes been under the necessity of demolishing small houses, to procure sufficient wood to enable them to cook their provisions, when no other means offered itself of obtaining wood, within a distance at which the soldiers could bring it after a hard day's march; but then no more was taken than was absolutely necessary for this purpose whereas the French soldiers were in the habit of making a wanton waste of this destructive fire-wood, without consideration of the misery they entailed upon the unhappy proprietors of the houses they destroyed, or the furniture they demolished. After the battles of Salamanca and Vitoria, and in many out-post affairs, the French bivouacs have

been found in the exact state in which they were occupied, furnished from the neighbouring houses, and remnants of doors, chairs, tables, &c. &c. composing the fuel of their unextinguished fires.

Note (17), p. 132.

The fate of Felix's father is the relation of a fact which actually occured, with the aggravation of the additional circumstance, that the victim was hanged in the presence of his family.

Note (18), p. 166.

The Levanté, or east wind, is one of the most dreadful inconveniences of a residence on the coast of the south of Spain. It is a searching dry wind, which it is impossible to exclude from the houses, and which almost prevents the possibility of leaving them: the columns of sand and dust which it raises are too strong, and too thick, to be encountered without real danger; so much so, that the narrow road from Cadiz to the Isla is perfectly impassable during the continuance of this wind, and no sum of money will tempt a calesero to make the journey. In

short, it resembles in almost every particular the Sorocco of the East.

Note (19), p. 167.

This is the usual manner of salutation in Spain. "*A los pies de vmd,*" "at your feet" are the words with which a gentleman accosts a lady, or the compliment with which he quits her. The lady's answer to a gentleman is that which is here put into the mouth of Ismena. "I kiss your hand, sir," *beso de vmd la mano.*—The expression which follows also, "*the house is at his service,*" is the usual form of giving a general invitation, than which no other is necessary to enable the person invited to attend the tertulia of the lady who gives the invitation. "*Esta casa está á la disposition de vmd,*" this house is at your disposition.

Note (20), p. 176.

The politeness of the forms of speech made use of in the common intercourse of society is kept up throughout all its classes, as well towards inferiors as equals: an unsuccessful beggar is never dismissed by a Spaniard without

an apology; "*perdona vmd*" "pardon me," is the common phrase of refusal.

Note (21), p. 185.

Both this instance of misplaced wit and that which follows it are fact.

Note (22), p. 189.

The manner of throwing the cloak at the feet of their sweethearts was an old custom amongst the gitanos, and low Spaniards. The lady's passing over it was an acceptance of the homage thus rendered her. Manolo does this before his mistress, in the celebrated farce already referred to.

Note (23), p. 193.

The following are the redondillas, or couplets of Quevedo, of which these lines are a translation.

Á ORFEO.

Al infierno el Tracio Orfeo
Su muger baxó á buscar;
Que no pudo á peor lugar
Llevarle tan mal deseo.

Cantó, y al mayor tormento
Puso suspencion y espanto
Mas que lo dulce del canto
La novedad del intento

El Dios adusto ofendido,
Con un estraño rigor,
La pena que halló mayor
Fué volverle á ser Marido.

Y aunque su muger le dió
Por pena de su pecado,
Por premio de lo cantado
Perderla facilitó.

Note (24), p. 201.

The authority for the truth of this guerilla incident is an article in a Spanish newspaper published at Cadiz, purporting to be a letter from Seville, relating the circumstance. The article is as follows,

" *Iluminacion convertida en chamusquina.*

" *Sevilla,* 12 de enero.—El dia 22 de Decembre llegaron aqui una porcion de empleados galo-hispanos venidos de Madrid, entre ellos el Intendente de esta Casa de Moneda; todo estaba

preparado para recibir al tal Señor en publico el dia seguiente; pero se anticipó la iluminacion, pues al amanecer de este dia apareció ardiendo la casa de la Moneda y principalmente la habitacion del novel intendente que hubo de saltar dela cama acosado del fuego *Patriotico.*"

CONCISO, 30 of January, 1812, ó año 5 de la gloriosa lucha del pueblo Español contra la tirania.

Year 5 of the glorious resistance of the Spanish people against tyranny.

Note (25), p. 208.

This singular and, if authentic, interesting document appeared in the Conciso, a Cadiz newspaper, of the 24th Aug. 1812, and is stated by the editor to have been found on the day of the battle of Barrosa, in the little town of Conil, situated upon the coast between Tarifa and Cadiz, and in the immediate proximity of the field of battle. I have translated it literally from the above-mentioned journal, having only altered the date to make it agree with the time when Felix is supposed to intercept it, and I will here subjoin the original Spanish, as it appears in the Conciso:

"General: desde que V. E. me hizo saber las intenciones de S. M. el Emperador y rey de emprender la conquista de las costas berberiscas, para limpiar el Mediterraneo de los piratas que lo infestan y demas objetos qui se propone S. M. I. no he cesado de procurarme quantas indagaciones, avisos y noticias pudieran ser convenientes para este interesante plan. En mi ultimo pliego enviado á Conil por el corsario de Chapud remití una idea general de este imperio de Marruecos, de sus ministros, favoritos, &c. que puede coadyuvar mucho al feliz exîto de la pronta conquista de este pais, siempre que se dé buen giro al espiritu público de los moros para que no hagan oposicion, siendo este el único obstáculo que hay que vencer por no haber mas medios de dirigirlo que el de la imprenta, la qual entre esta gente bárbara no produccria ningun efecto. Tambien advertí quan conveniente seria que se enviasen á Marruecos algunos ingenieros franceses en comisiones fingidas ó disfrazadas, para que recorriesen los mejores puntos de desembarco y sacasen planes exâctos de los puertos y puntos de defensa. Mis conocimientos en este particular *siendo mui limitados*, seria mui oportuna esta disposicion: remito sin embargo á V. E. el plan de Tanger y de estas

costas hasta Arzilla segun las observaciones de mi corta capacidad, con algunas otras advertencias que pueden ser conducentes para un objeto de tanta consideracion.

" Por este plan conocerà V. E. quan arriesgado seria intentar un desembarco en la playa de la bahia de Tanger (No 5), pues las Baterias de las Higueras (No 4), las de la Alcazaba (No 1), y las del Castillo de Tanger viejo (No 3), cruzandose sus fuegos, podrian causar mucho daño y malograr la empresa; tambien seria algo perjudicial la bateria de la punta Menar (No 2), no menos que la del muelle.

En atencion á estos observaciones parece que de ningun modo convendrá dirigir esta empresa por el Estrecho tanto por las expresadas dificultades como porque estando Tanger á la vista de Tarifa y Gibraltar, podian nuestros enemigos facilmente frustrar el plan. Pero hay otro punto adequado y de facil ocasion por donde un desembarco no presenta ningun obstáculo: pasado Cabo Espartel en la costa hasta Arcilla se descubre una playa mui capaz y en ella la hermita de Sidi Casen (No 8.); y este sitio sin defensa ni obstáculo facilitaria la empresa: desembarcadas alli, las tropas pudieran dirigirse sobre Tanger y conducir artilleria de campaña

por permitirlo el terreno y camino; atacada por tierra esta ciudad poco ó ninguna seria la resistencia que hiciese; y tomado ya este punto serviria de centro para dirigirse sobre Tetuan, Ceuta, &c.

"Uno de los medios mas eficaces para la conquista de estos paises seria introducir la disension entre las provincias; hay muchas de ellas que ofrecen en este particular una perspectiva lisonjera. La provincia de Elxeyena la sospecho pronta á cooperar en favor de nuestros designios: S. M. el emperador y rey conoció en Egipto á Muley Selema, príncipe muy adicto á S. M. I. y á nuestro partido: los habitantes de Elxeyena sostuvieron á Selema contra Soliman; y aunque por último fueron esclavizados por este emperador, conservan el resentimento, y por consiguiente podremos contar con la cooperation de aquellos naturales, siempre que por medio de confidentes fuesen preparados para ello, maxime si en este plan se puede hacer entrar este principe, lo que no será dificil, haciendole promesas lisongeras.

"La provincia de Aytimor con todas las montañas de Muley Dris, ó inmediaciones de Mesquinez ofrecen tambien buenas esperanzas de que se levantarán contra su actual gobierno y

abrazarán nuestro partido; los habitantes ocultan el mayor resentimiento contra el proceder de su Emperador, quien conserva siempre encerrados ciertos rehenes de aquella provincia los quales vuelven á su pais, saliendo ellos por una puerta y entrando por otra los nuevos que se envian.

"Los Sheloxes ó árabes de las montañas de Fez hasta Tafilete, y los del Riff no podrán menos de abrazar qualquier partido contra el gobierno marroquí, por hallarse siempre descontentos contra él, y solo desearán hallar ocasion de vengarse.

"Los árabes del Bey de Máscara desean siempre sacudir el yugo de su tirano y de Argel. Haciendo que los partidarios que se formen en aquellos sitios combinen sus operaciones con los árabes del emperador de Marruecos, con la provencia de Alcalaya y demas contiguas á aquellas fronteras, se puede esperar una gran efervescencia favorable à tan asombrosa empresa, que no podria, ménos de mudar de faz á todo el comercio del Mediterraneo en gran perjuicio de los Ingleses; particularmente entablando intelligencia con el Marabuto Sid Abdelcader que actualmente se halla en los estados del Bey de Mázcara y siempre propenso á obrar

hand into the town. He paid the price of his valour with his life; but on the following day the governor of the town sent his sword and his epaulets to the French general, as a token of respect for the bravery of his conduct.

Since the conclusion of the peace, chance has thrown me into the company of an officer who was present at the siege of Tarifa; and the account he gives of the miserable situation of the besieging army, exceeds even the distress which they were supposed by those within the walls to have suffered. He assured me that for several days the greater part of the army lived entirely upon oranges, with which the fertile valley of Tarifa abounds, and that the rinds of this fruit was the only sustenance given to the horses during the same time.

END OF VOL. II.

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